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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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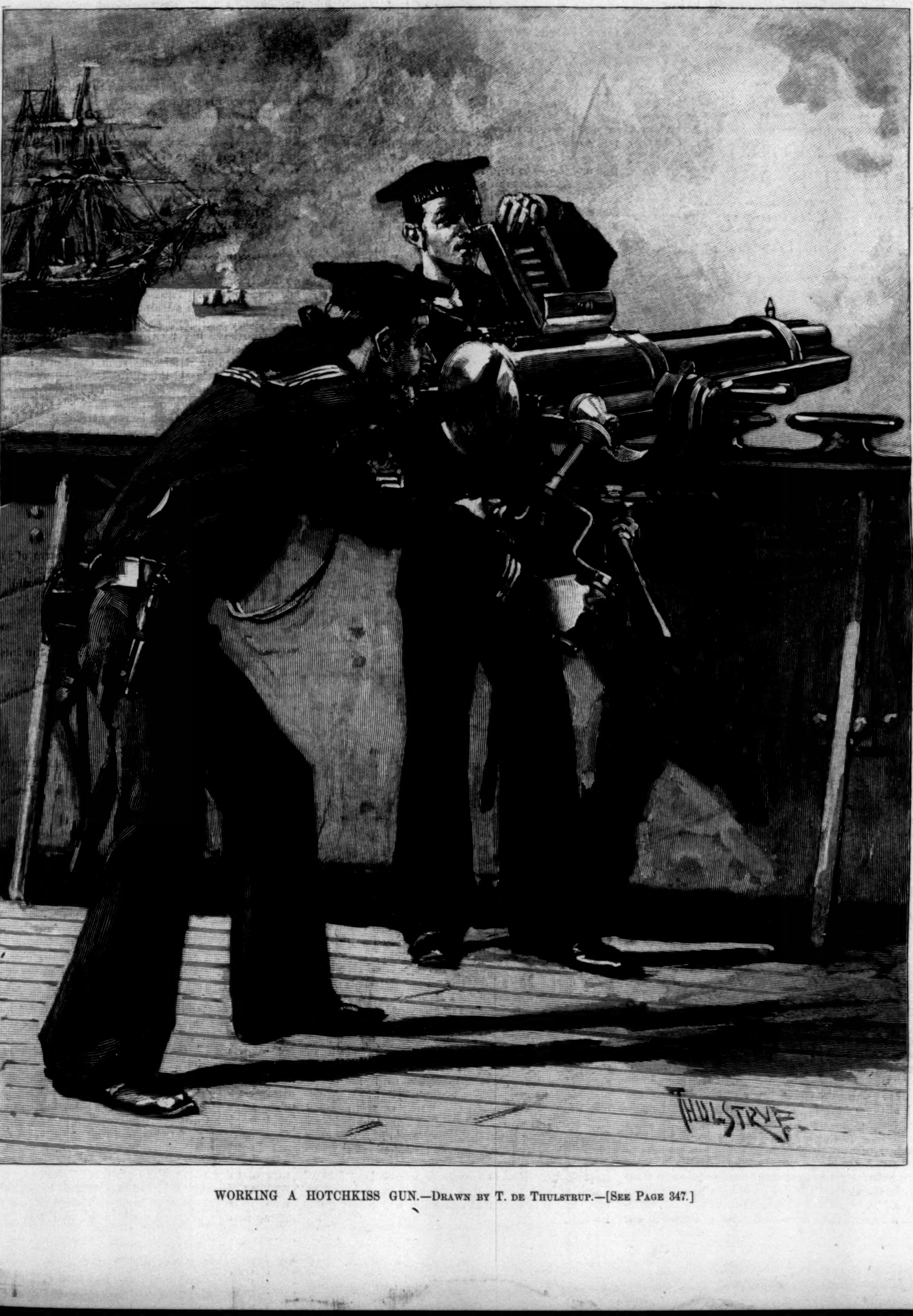

WORKING A HOTCHKISS GUN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 347.]

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THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE Pan-American Congress has adjourned. The proceedings ended, as they began, with a speech by the president, Mr. Blaine, and before separating the delegates were received by the President of the United States, who spoke a few words of farewell. The result of the conference, as Mr. Blaine truly remarked, cannot be estimated at present. It lies probably less in the actual agreements that were reached than in the spirit from which they sprang, and from the fact of the formal assembly and social and friendly intercourse of representatives of the chief American states except Canada. The most interesting and probably the most valuable result as now apparent was the disposition which is expressed in the last act of the congress, the passage of the scheme of arbitration, by which, Mr. Blaine remarked, two great continents are dedicated to peace. This scheme, in substance, forbids conquest among the states during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration. There is, however, one expression in the statement which is unfortunate. It is, "American public law." Public law, we suppose, ends when it is limited by a restrictive name. But the agreement is none the less a good one among the American states, although Chili, which did not vote, undoubtedly retains its discretion.

The other definite recommendations of the conference are not many. They include coins of uniform weight and fineness, a common method of legalization of documents, the metrical decimal system and a uniform system of weights and measures, regulation of the fees of consular agents, and certain conveniences of method in customs administration. These are only suggestions to the countries represented, and they can be made effective only by the action of those countries. A congress was perhaps not necessary merely to make such propositions. The results sought could have been as readily obtained by treaties, without other conference than that of accredited diplomatic agents. Indeed, they can be made effective now only by treaties. Some important propositions, such as a great trunk railway; government subsidies for steamship lines connecting the American countries represented; uniform protection for literary and art property, trade-marks, and patents; uniform quarantine regulations; a uniform extradition treaty; and a great international bank—were all discussed, but no action was taken.

The point that Mr. Blaine emphasized was really the important point, namely, the scheme of international arbitration. If that scheme should be approved and ratified formally by the various American states, the result would justify the assembling of the congress. Each government will now have in its returning delegates counsellors thoroughly informed both of the reasons of the propositions and of the feeling of the other states. This will greatly facilitate the negotiations of treaties to secure the objects proposed. Moreover, the presence of so large a number of delegates for so long a time in the United States must have indirectly an effect upon local opinion in their various countries. The delegates have seen for themselves. They are, as we understand, unusually intelligent men, and they have undoubtedly measured our performances by our assertions. They have seen at close view the greatest of popular republics. They have been sitting in the capital simultaneously with Congress, and they have been impressed either like Lord Chatham by the Continental Congress, or like a later lord of great distinction in English public life, who remarked that nothing impressed him with our power so much as Congress, "for if you can stand that, you can stand anything." In any event there is no disappointment. Great results were not anticipated. Yet if the arbitration treaty shall be ratified, one great result will have been achieved.

MAY-DAY AND LABOR.

On Thursday of this week, May-day, a general demonstration of "labor" is anticipated, both in this country and Europe, in favor of the "eight-hour day." According to Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, the movement for a working-day of eight hours is the one which has received on both continents more universal support than any other. Believing that desirable labor reforms can be more certainly and wisely obtained singly than by a simultaneous effort for everything that may be wished, it is upon securing the eight-hour working-day that all the energy, ability, and intelligence of "labor" is to be concentrated. In pursuance of the same general plan, the demand for this day is not to be made at once for every form of labor. At the beginning it is to be secured for one craft, the carpenters, and when that is obtained the demand will be extended to other trades. Mr. Gompers calculates the force engaged for this purpose in the American Federation of Labor to be about one million of men. They propose a demonstration on May-day in Chicago simultaneously with that in Europe.

At the same time a carpenters' strike is proceeding both in Chicago and Indianapolis, and at Pittsburgh there is trouble among the railroad hands, who have stated sixteen grievances, most of which have been conceded. The hands allege that they can stop communication between New York and Chicago at any moment. In Europe the labor preparations for May-day demonstrations are said to be so general and impressive as to excite uneasiness, and in some places the presence of troops has been asked of the government. Such facts are among the most important of the time, and show that the question of "labor" is becoming constantly more prominent. This is the natural result of advancing civilization and of the doctrine and practice of popular government. It is no less the consequence of general education, and it points the necessity of an education commensurate with the increase of political power. The value of combined intelligence and organization grows with numbers. "Labor," meaning numbers, is physically overwhelming when compared with "capital" in the same sense. They are not necessarily words expressing hostility, and the duty of enlightened intelligence is to prevent friction between the numbers. It is idle to suppose either that the whole problem of the relation of labor and capital, using the words in their customary sense, has been solved, or that the consciousness of actual power which comes from education and political equality will have no results.

The benefit of education to "labor" lies largely in giving it the knowledge of certain fundamental laws of human nature which are immutable. The cardinal differences of ability among men cannot be corrected by legislatures or armies. If all the accumulated wealth of the world should be divided equally to-day among all the inhabitants of the globe, at the end of a year it would be again unequally distributed. Equality of condition is no more possible than equality of capacity. When this truth is understood thoroughly the bitter root of class hatred will begin to be loosened. It does not follow, by any means, however, because inequality of condition is inevitable that there is not great injustice and wrong and suffering which are remediable, or, to put it more technically, that the distribution of products is equitable as among the producers. The eight-hour working-day is a scheme which it is supposed will promote greater equity of distribution. It is in itself a clumsy device, because it is not and cannot be made universally applicable. But the passage of an eight-hour law by Congress serves to test the political power of numbers and to forecast other proofs of it. A general demonstration of "labor" in Europe and America on May-day will not be useless if it should serve to emphasize to "labor" itself the truth that it is not mere numbers or force, but the wise organization, control, and direction of force, which make it beneficent. The railroad hands, as switchmen are reported to have said, may at any moment stop communication between New York and Chicago. The fact is undeniable. But who would suffer most immediately and most sharply? A mob at any moment may sack the banks and paralyze business in New York. But the victims would be "labor." These are the things that education will show "labor," and it is thus that education will wisely guide its vote.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of New York is about closing a session which will not be creditable to the State nor to the party which is responsible for the majority. The general feeling in the State is that in local issues and upon general measures of reform the Republicans may be more certainly trusted than the Democrats, and it is very common for voters in New York who are not high protectionists, and who voted for Mr. Cleveland, to vote with the Republicans for State and local officers. Thus it has been the general conviction that with a Democratic Governor and Legislature ballot reform, high license, and extension of civil service reform are improbable, but, on the other hand, probable with Republican ascendency. This conviction has been very rudely shaken by the Republican course in the Legislature. Ballot-reform has been so treated by the Republican Senate as to point the Democratic sneer that the Republicans are not interested in reform at all, but only in the game of Hill-in-a-hole. There has been an apparent but incredible servility to some influence, believed to be that of Mr. Platt. In any case the party majority has not acted in good faith with the friends of reform. The Hendricks high license bill is a moderate and excellent law, which is approved by the friends and leaders of high license. But as we write it has been lost in the committee of the Assembly by Republican votes. It is possible that, after all, it may be reported, but public confidence in license legislation as the certain consequence of Republican success in the election is necessarily broken.

The aqueduct arbitration bill, however, is one of the worst jobs recently attempted in a Legislature. Certain contractors contend that money is due to them. All the circumstances of their claims are exceedingly suspicious, but if they are just the courts are open to them. The New York *Tribune* describes the measure as "an attempt to steal money from the city of New York and to put it into the pockets of men who have never earned it." The question is pending before the courts, where it belongs. Courts are instituted to determine such questions among others. Why should the matter be withdrawn from them? What honest reason can be given for disturbing the ordinary course of law? If the courts are incompetent, let them be reconstructed. If they are competent, let them be left to do their duty. There is nothing so sacred and exceptional in the claims of contractors which are covered with suspicion that they should be intrusted to the decision of political tribunals instituted for the purpose.

That the claims, amounting to something like $6,000,000, are a system of jobs is the general conviction. That, if valid, the courts in which they are pending are the proper tribunals to decide their validity is undeniable. If the ordinary course of justice should be arrested, and this enormous sum should be awarded by political influence, the responsibility would rest entirely upon the Republican Legislature, which was elected in the belief that such monstrous jobs were less probable under Republican ascendency. The bill is condemned strongly by the just representatives in the press of both parties, and by the intelligence and sense of decency of the entire State. Should the Legislature pass the bill it would be disgraced, and the Republican party would be deprived of the plea that better State results are to be expected from their success than from that of the Democrats. Indeed, in view of the facts that in this Legislature high license is in danger and this aqueduct bill promises to pass, that the transactions of Wanamaker and Quay and Dudley are now understood, that Quay and Platt and Clarkson are the real party leaders, how much longer is the assertion of superior honesty and devotion to reform and to decent politics likely to be an available argument for the Republican party? We have heard it said that such mugwumps as have joined the Democrats have found no cleaner bed than they left. But are not appearances hastening to justify the question whether they could have found a dirtier?

MR. QUAY AND THE PUBLIC.

The recent revival of the stories which were rife some years since about Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, and the impressive and responsible public arraignment of Mr. Quay by Mr. Henry C. Lea, and by journals of the highest character, and in the most direct and unqualified terms, are signs of the times which cannot be disregarded. In politics "the campaign of mud" opens with every canvass. But definite accusations of dishonesty and crime, which are punishable with prolonged imprisonment, made against prominent public men by the most honorable and responsible authorities, accompanied by the evidence, is an astounding revelation of public morals which cannot be dismissed as "mud" and campaign calumnies. If the mere charge of a political, not pecuniary, bargain by which Henry Clay was said to have secured the election of John Quincy Adams as President, in consideration of the appointment to be Secretary of State—a charge which was never in any degree substantiated, and was really discredited—overshadowed CLAY'S whole political career for a quarter of a century, what ought to be the effect of the charges of pecuniary dishonesty now brought with testimony, and reiterated in detail day after day, against Mr. QUAY?

Such accusations cannot be dismissed as beneath the notice of any public man. Disregard of charges like those against Mr. QUAY, made as they are made, is a practical admission that they are unanswerable. We do not, indeed, admit the moral right of a newspaper to accuse men of dishonesty, and then with a smirking conceit of candor proclaim that its columns are open for an explanation. If a newspaper alleges forgery against Bishop POTTER, or grand larceny against Vice-President MORTON, the outrage is not extenuated by the announcement that equal publicity will be given to their denial. Such men will not deny such charges. If their characters do not defend them, their word would be no defence. But this is not Mr. QUAY'S case. The time, the place, the figures, the methods, of the alleged dishonesty, with corroborative testimony and legal records, are published, and denial of the truth of the charges is defiantly challenged. Under such circumstances, WASHINGTON himself would have felt it to be the most imperative public duty to bring the matter to prompt and thorough investigation, that the libellers, if such they were, should be punished like other reckless malefactors.

A perfectly reputable journal makes and repeats what it states to be "a charge supported by evidence, that Mr. QUAY took at one time $260,000 from the Pennsylvania State Treasury, and lost it in stock gambling, and at another time took $400,000, when he was State Treasurer, and used it to pay for certain railroad securities which he had purchased, subsequently returning the State's money when he had sold the securities." It cannot be said that Mr. QUAY'S character defends him against such charges. His standing in the country does not permit him to treat them with scorn. Indeed, he is known to the country only by such unanswered accusations made with proof, and by reports, universally believed, of disreputable pecuniary transactions in the conduct of an election as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Such charges, without evidence, alleged against Senator EDMUNDS or Senator HOAR would be discredited. But made as they are made against Mr. QUAY, both of those Senators would at once challenge legal inquiry. Mr. QUAY, through friends, replies only that the accusations are due to the spleen of free-traders and the rage of defeated Democrats. Was the Philadelphia *Press* a splenetic free-trader and defeated Democrat when it said, alluding to these charges when they were first familiar, "Take the lid from off the State Treasury, and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb"? Is Mr. LEA a disappointed and malignant free-trader? Mr. QUAY'S indirect rejoinder is not a denial, but rather a confession. It makes his position very much worse. Yet he is still a companion and counsellor of the President, the associate of Senators, and the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Do these facts comport with public decency?

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE conference of working-girls' societies or clubs which was recently held in this city was very interesting in many ways, and especially as showing both the admirable way of "putting things" upon the part of the speakers and the parliamentary readiness and ability of the leaders. The interest in the clubs of those who are not working girls is not a mere "fad" of fashionable ennui, it springs from sincere feeling, and is shown by efficient sympathy. Miss DODGE said conclusively, when a question arose which assumed a difference in the membership, that as members there was entire equality. Undoubtedly, as at the conference, those who are not technically working girls will generally take the lead, because they have a greater knowledge of the purposes of the clubs and greater facility in leading. When, for instance, young girls are to be amused in a bright and social way, they will naturally look to those who are peculiarly fitted to be mistresses of the revels, and who can at once lead the sport and keep order.

This system of clubs is of very great value. It supplies a place of agreeable resort for amusement and social intercourse to those whose homes are not attractive, and this alone is an inestimable service. It furnishes opportunities of careful instruction in many forms of self-help and in many methods of earning a livelihood, and, above all, it cultivates the sentiment of human sympathy and friendliness, and destroys the bitterness of class feeling. The advantages also are by no means on one side. Close and constant association with the less fortunate in life tends to correct the selfishness and heartlessness which mere prosperity is apt to produce, and to foster in the truest sense a happy Christian socialism. The interest in these clubs is one of the pleasantest signs of the modern spirit of fraternity, which is merely practical Christianity.

THE "RECOLLECTIONS" OF MR. CHILDS.

To be universally known as constantly doing good, as a rich man who holds his riches in trust for the benefit of others, as the effective friend of every humane enterprise, as the proprietor of one of the great and most prosperous newspapers in the country, conducted strictly upon the principles of courtesy and good sense which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen, and as the friend of the most distinguished persons of his time, is the happy fortune of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia.

The beginning of his prosperous career is characteristically associated with benefit to a justly famous man. It was the publication of Dr. KANE'S journal of his arctic expedition, an undertaking against which Mr. CHILDS was warned, but which resulted in the payment of $70,000 to Dr. KANE as his share of the profits in the first year of publication. The sagacity which prompted this venture is the gift of nature to Mr. CHILDS, which explains his prosperous career. The recollections of such a life are necessarily full of interest. They are especially pleasant, because they do not associate narrowness and hardness and meanness and selfish intrigue with success, but, on the contrary, the open hand and the open heart.

Mr. CHILDS, despite his friendly relations with royalty and the nobility, is too good an American republican to care to quarter his family arms upon any shield. But he could not choose a better motto than such a heart and such a hand. His little volume of *Recollections*, just published by the Lippincott Company, is rich with reminiscences of famous persons and accounts of exceedingly interesting possessions, and of public gifts and delightful occasions, all pervaded with the spirit of the generous giver who is sure to double his generosity by giving quickly. Artists always paint themselves in their pictures, and Mr. CHILDS has unconsciously given us himself in his book.

A STEALTHY BLOW.

THE joint resolution providing for the appointment of thirty additional medical examiners in the Pension Bureau, but exempting them from examination under the civil service rules, is simply an insidious attempt to obtain Congressional countenance for breaking down the rules. The President could suspend the rules in the case if he chose to do so, or thought that the exigency required a suspension. The fact that the suspension is put in the form of a joint resolution shows a desire at once to relieve the President of a disagreeable responsibility, and to obtain the authority of Congress for a blow at reform.

When the joint resolution passed the House it was alleged that the necessity of appointment was so urgent that it would not brook delay. The facts that there was an eligible list from which selections could be made at once, and that the Commission was ready to examine candidates as rapidly as they could be examined elsewhere, were not permitted by the Speaker under the rules to be stated. The urgent necessity, however, has not prevented a delay of some weeks, during which the most complete and satisfactory examinations might have been held. The joint resolution was reported unchanged in the Senate, and Senator HOAR'S amendment was adopted providing for such examination as the President may approve.

There is no reason whatever, except the wish to strike at reform, that the thirty examiners should not be appointed exactly as other examiners are appointed. Their duties and emoluments are the same, and the public service cannot be subserved by a different method of selection. The trick of the resolution is plain, and no member of Congress who is friendly to reform can be deceived by it.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN NEW YORK.

THE Holland Society in New York proposes the erection of memorial tablets to mark interesting sites in the city, such as those in Albany which we recently described. The design is admirable, and has been too long delayed. Its execution, also, undoubtedly will be tasteful and satisfactory, except in one point as now proposed. According to the scheme as published, the Holland Society seems to be as intent upon glorifying itself for doing the work as the work itself. The inscription upon every tablet that we have seen proposed begins with the statement, "Erected by the Holland Society," and then proceeds to mention the interest of the site.

This is both amusing and offensive. The society shows unnecessary zeal to advertise itself. The committee should consider the monument erected by Mr. Sapsea to his wife in *Edwin Drood*, which was in effect a glowing panegyric of himself, his virtues, and his business. It is seemly that having mentioned the site of interest, the society should modestly subjoin the fact that the tablet was erected by it. But to preface each inscription with the remark that the society caused the tablet to be erected is to appropriate the first homage of interest, which belongs not to the society but to the site.

Among the spots worthily selected for commemoration are the place where the first houses of white men were built, at Nos. 41–45 Broadway; the site of old Fort Amsterdam; the old Stadt Huys, or City Hall; the Stuyvesant pear-tree; the first Exchange; the Middle Dutch Church; Fraunce's Tavern; the Delancey House, later the site of the City Hotel, where the non-importation agreement was signed. This is an excellent beginning, for which the Holland Society is to be heartily thanked. There are many other memorable sites which will doubtless be considered hereafter. Among them is that of the houses in which JOHN JAY and WASHINGTON IRVING were born.

THE LATE MRS. WESTERVELT.

MRS. JOHN S. WESTERVELT, who died a few days ago at New Brighton, Staten Island, in her eighty-seventh year, was a daughter of Vice-President TOMPKINS, the war Governor of New York in 1812–14. Governor TOMPKINS is also remembered for his recommendation to the Legislature in 1817 that a day should be fixed for the abolition of slavery in the State, and in accordance with the Governor's suggestion, New York became a free State on the Fourth of July, 1827. His daughter, Mrs. WESTERVELT, until within a few days of her death retained in a very remarkable degree the vigor and activity of earlier years. Her interest in life was unabated, and her recollections of famous persons and noted events were so vivid that her conversation was at once instructive and delightful. She had outlived her contemporaries, but not her youthfulness of spirit, and her cheerfulness and courtesy were inexhaustible. During a large part of her long life she had lived upon Staten Island, and no resident was more deeply respected. Her husband was for some years Health Officer, and her son, the late TOMPKINS WESTERVELT, was County Judge, and an active and public-spirited citizen. The death of Mrs. WESTERVELT removes one of the few remaining visible links that bind this generation to that of the war in which the State was so active a scene, and her father so conspicuous an actor.

PERSONAL.

WHILE Congressman RANDALL was a private in the Fifth City Cavalry of Philadelphia in 1861, he used his influence with the War Department so effectively that his Colonel, GEORGE H. THOMAS, was appointed a Brigadier-General.

—One of the curiosities of Martha's Vineyard, Aunt NANCY LEE, has just died. She raised a number of bantam chickens, and trained them to do tricks. When they died she erected marble tombstones over their graves, and wrote verses to their memory.

—Occasionally some relic-seeking lunatic escapes from his keeper and commits depredations. A person of this class visited Springfield, Illinois, the other day, and mutilated the marble sarcophagus enclosed within the catacomb of the LINCOLN monument. Reaching through the iron grating with a heavy cane, he knocked off a piece of the marble, raked it out, and carried it away. As this is only the last of a series of similar acts of vandalism, a stout iron fence is to be put around the monument to protect it.

—ALBERT F. HEARD, who died March 26th, was the author of *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent*, published in 1887 by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. HEARD was formerly Consul-General for Russia at Shanghai, and his work was a careful study, which was well received and highly commended by authorities both in this country and in England, where it was republished. Articles by Mr. HEARD also appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1887, on "Russia of To-day," and May, 1888, on "Justice and Law in Russia."

—Miss AUGUSTA M. LOWELL, organist of the Church of the Incarnation in this city, is considered the leading woman organist in this country. She came to New York from California in 1881, studied with the best teachers, and has won her place by conscientious work. Miss LOWELL is also a composer of songs.

—JOSEPH CATONIO, a giant who served King LOUIS PHILIPPE as porter in 1845, died recently in Rome, and left his huge body to the anatomical museum. His skeleton is to be prepared for exhibition.

—The gift of $30,000 to Rev. Dr. THEODORE L. CUYLER, by the members of his late congregation in Brooklyn, was a graceful tribute to the man who had served his church so long and faithfully. Long pastorates are rare in these days of shifting congregations and fickle church associations, and make Dr. CUYLER'S thirty years' stay with his people a subject of unusual congratulation.

—The deaths of Congressmen KELLEY and RANDALL still leave a Pennsylvanian "the father of the House." He is CHARLES O'NEILL, of the Second District of that State. O'NEILL entered Congress with RANDALL in 1863, but dropped out for a term a few years later.

—The value placed on the life of the late Miss BRIGHAM, President of Mount Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, by the railroad that killed her, is $4000, that sum having been paid her heirs by the company.

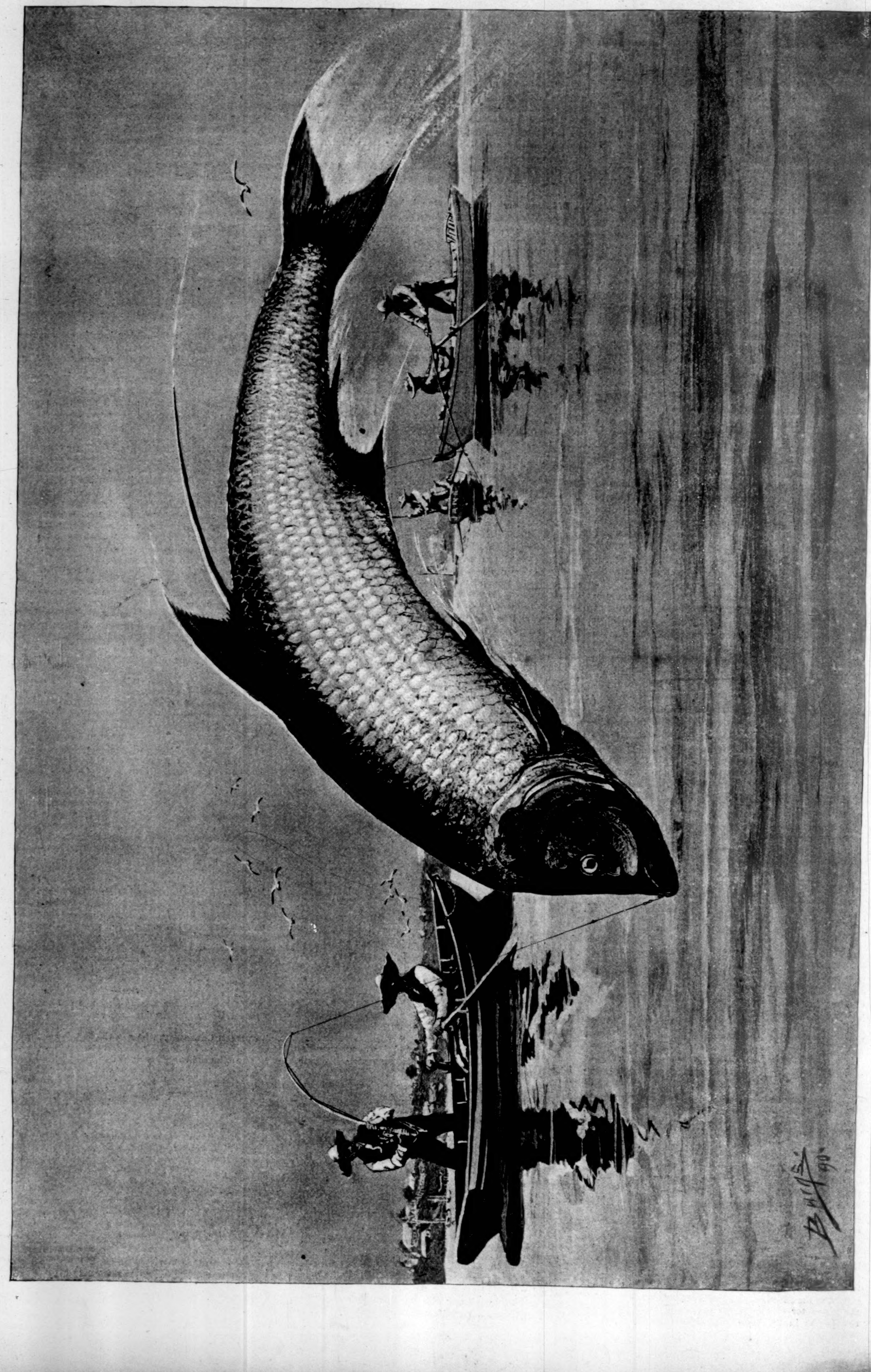
—FRANK V. DUMOND, at one time connected with the Art Department of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has been in Paris for the past two years studying art. He has won several medals at the Julian Academy, where he has been a pupil, and his latest work is a picture of the Holy Family at a very scanty meal in Joseph's carpenter shop. The canvas is five by six feet, and contains three figures. It has been received at the Paris Salon with highest honor, and occupies a place on the line.

—The inventor of the BLOOMER costume, Mrs. D. C. BLOOMER, and her husband, a Council Bluffs (Iowa) lawyer, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

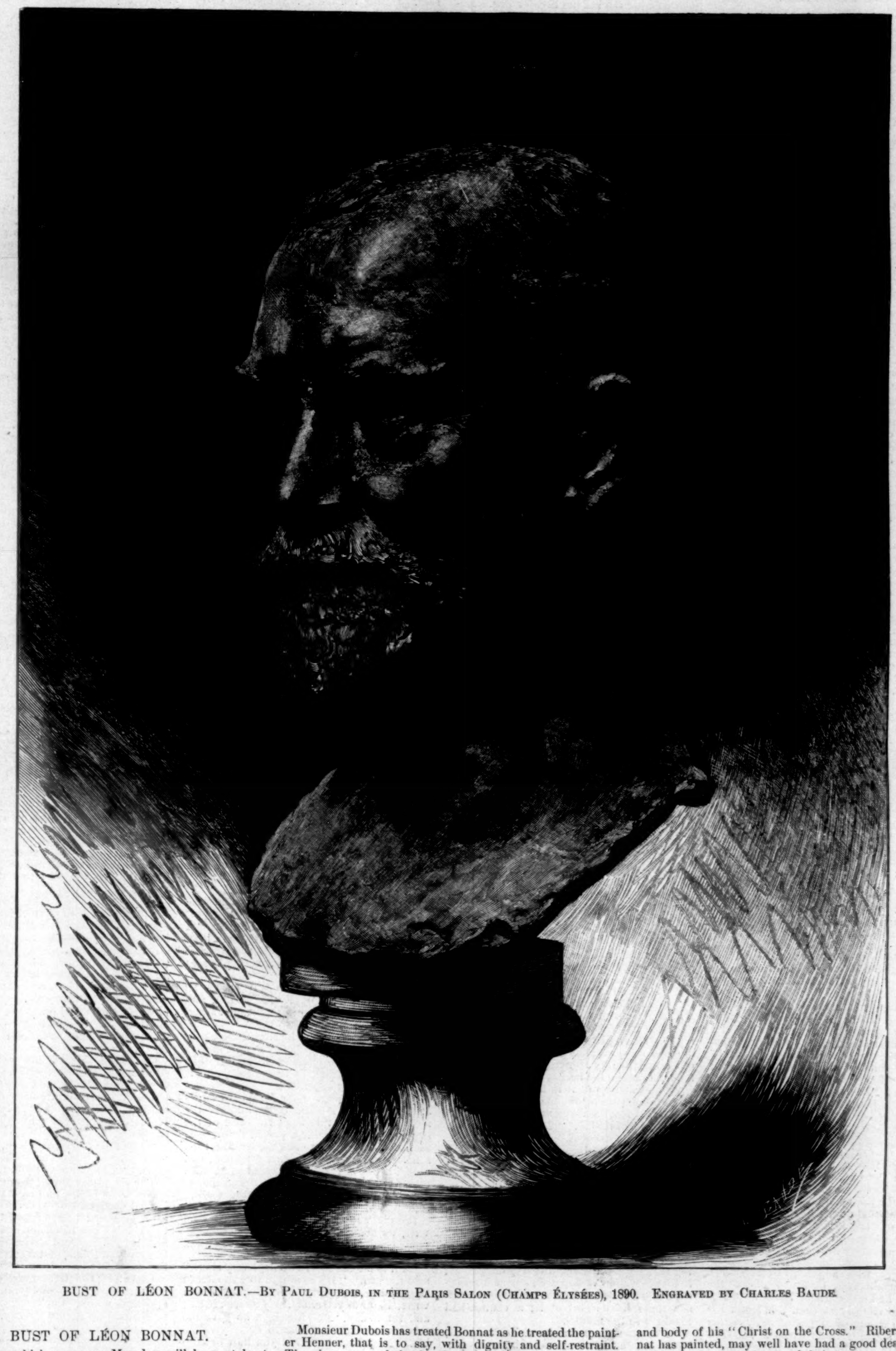
—There is one totally blind member of the British House of Commons. He is a Mr. MCDONALD, of Ireland, an intense Nationalist, but a man of retiring disposition and not much of an orator. His wife leads him to and from the Parliament House, and the devotion which exists between the couple is touching.

—WILLIAM GALLOWAY, who ran the first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was called the oldest railroad engineer in the world, died recently in Baltimore, at the age of eighty years. He was retired in 1887 by the Baltimore and Ohio Company, for whom he had worked for over fifty years, never missing a trip or meeting with a serious accident. In all, he ran his engine over 1,540,000 miles.

—Emblems of mourning were recently placed on the public buildings of Athens, by order of the King, in honor of a poor boatman, named CHAZES, who had just died at Missolonghi, and a noble funeral was given him at public expense. CHAZES was eighty-seven years old, and was one of the few survivors of the Greek war of independence. He figured prominently in the defence of Missolonghi against overwhelming Turkish forces in 1826, and helped lead a sortie, by which one-third of the town's population cut their way through the investing lines and reached the mountains, while the other two-thirds perished. CHAZES also became BYRON'S boatman when the poet made Missolonghi his head-quarters over sixty years ago, and spent many hours in ferrying him about the waters of the Cretolian lagoon. He formed an intense admiration for the poet, and, although not a literary man, at the time of his death he possessed all of BYRON'S works, and could recite many of his poems.



TARPON-FISHING.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 343.]



BUST OF LÉON BONNAT.—By Paul Dubois, in the Paris Salon (Champs Élysées), 1890. Engraved by Charles Baude.

A BUST OF LÉON BONNAT.

The Salon which opens on May-day will have at least one piece of statuary on which the eyes can rest with satisfaction, however many of a very different sort may stand in the great covered court-yard of the Palais de l'Industrie. This is the bust of the painter Léon-Joseph-Florentin Bonnat in his fifty-eighth year. It is by Paul Dubois, the sculptor of the "Florentine Singer of the Fifteenth Century"—bought, when shown in 1865, by Princess Mathilde Bonaparte—"Military Courage," and other statues for the tomb of General Lamoricière. A bronze copy of the "Military Courage" is in Baltimore, on Mount Vernon Square, where it was placed by Mr. W. T. Walters. Sculptor and sitter are members of the Institute, and both have remained faithful to the Salon instead of joining the seceders on the Champ de Mars. If Monsieur Bonnat has neared sixty, the sculptor has passed that age. We have, therefore, in this work a labor of love, in which one friend of a lifetime seeks to perpetuate the face of another in enduring bronze.

Monsieur Dubois has treated Bonnat as he treated the painter Henner, that is to say, with dignity and self-restraint. The close, scarce hair, the short-cropped beard, the ear fitting well to the head, give him the air of a soldier rather than a painter. Monsieur Bonnat comes from Bayonne, and is half a Spaniard. He passed four years in Rome, and made a great stir as long ago as 1864, when the Empress Eugénie bought his "Pilgrims in St. Peter's, Rome, at the Foot of the Statue of St. Peter." He is known here for portraits which are uncompromising in realism and for Italian genre pictures, small Italian girls, and such things. In Paris, however, the "Christ on the Cross," painted for the Palais de Justice, but now in Saint-Nicholas des Champs, is still visited in order to continue the endless dispute whether Bonnat was right to sink the divinity of the Saviour, and portray him merely as a man agonizing in the death of a malefactor. The sculptor has suggested something of that pitilessness with which Bonnat paints every wart on the skin of those he portrays; something, too, of that indifference to the feelings of the religious shown in the tortured, changed face and body of his "Christ on the Cross." Ribera, whom Bonnat has painted, may well have had a good deal of influence on him, so far as subjects and their treatment are concerned.

The engraving of the bust by M. Charles Baude is hardly less happy than the sculpture itself. It is firm and yet supple, rendering particularly well the modelling round the eyes, and the sculptor's treatment of mustache and beard. Thus three artists unite in producing this capital little work of art, which is as severely simple as an antique, and as full of a noble taste for the "just enough." The parallel of careers between sculptor and sitter just alluded to extends to the second-class medals which were decreed to Dubois and Bonnat in 1867, to promotion of both to the Legion of Honor in the same year, and again to their promotion as officers of the Legion in 1874. It is therefore most fitting that the one should take the other—Bonnat painting Dubois, and Dubois modelling Bonnat—though the sculptor has also devoted himself to painting so conscientiously that he is a master in that field too, and might portray his friend in oils as well as clay.

WIND-FLOWERS.

Last night the wind, weary of whispering
Its silvery secrets in the sombre fir,
Found a gray couch upon a moonlit slope,
And drifted off into a pleasant sleep,
Leaving no ripple on the limpid pool.

When morning poured its flood of dancing gold
Upon the earth, the languid wind awoke,
Shook the bright dew-drop from the daffodil,
And wandered through the wood on happy wing.

Then on its couch glistened a rippling sea
Of shy anemones—wind syllables
Turned to starflowers upon April's breast.
When April disappears, they'll melt away,
Give up their flowery embodiment,
And over hill and pasture drift again
The sweet ethereal fancies of the wind.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE JOURNAL OF A FIRST-CABIN PASSENGER.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

The cabin was full of flowers, and one table held nothing but roses—roses in baskets and boxes, and roses tied with white satin ribbons. Fastened to each bunch and box and basket was the name of Miss Rosalie Miller. A wandering band of German musicians were playing in the steerage, and from both upper and lower deck hats and handkerchiefs waved in answering good-by to the hats and handkerchiefs waving from one corner of the deck. As the beautiful ocean steamer glided past the light-houses and islands, the first-cabin passengers disappeared, and on the steerage deck the old women took out their knitting, the old men their pipes and packs of cards; the young gentleman in the white straw hat, who for various reasons was travelling in this humble way, unfolded the morning paper; the half-dozen babies dropped asleep in their mothers' arms; and Frieda, the little five-year-old Flemish girl, with a faded pink and blue handkerchief knotted under her chin, smiled a good-morning to Antoine, the deck steward, who leaned idly against the railing above. The first-cabin passengers had disappeared in walking costumes and straw hats and bonnets; they reappeared in ulsters and long cloaks, in soft felt hats and knitted hoods; and each passenger held a novel, with a passenger list tucked in as a book-mark. The different people arranged their steamer chairs into pleasant neighborhoods, and Antoine walked in and out with biscuits and lemonade, a napkin carelessly thrown over his arm, and an obliging smile on his round Flemish face. Antoine needed no passenger list. Being a deck steward of long experience, a glance at the passengers was sufficient to tell him each one's story. He knew to-day which was the commercial traveller, and which was the German count; which was the clergyman going abroad for his health, and which was the Harvard student. He knew that the six pretty young women, with their chairs in a row, were artists going to Munich; that the tall lady in a fur-lined cloak was a woman doctor; and that the lady with a French grammar open in her lap would soon be feeling very sea-sick. He knew also that the young girl who sat near her, and whose eyes still held the shadow of good-by tears, was Miss Rosalie Miller; but any one might have known this by reading the name printed on the back of her steamer chair. The Harvard student had known it at least half an hour, as well as the names of the six young women whose chairs stood in a row. Concerning young Mr. Julian Newton, however, nothing was yet known. He had no steamer chair, and his name only appeared on the passenger list as "and child" in the right-hand column, two lines removed from that of the German count.

Mr. Julian Newton was the youngest of the first-cabin passengers. He was travelling with his paint box, his kite, a portion of his library, and his doll Martha. It was his first voyage, and he was on his way to Paris. Rosalie was four times as old as Julian, who was five, and they met at noon on the fourth day out in the chocolate and rose colored cabin, with its six port-hole windows and its rows of white lilies painted on a background of pale green and gold. The first three days were days of warm breezes and glorious sunsets. The steerage ball had been opened every afternoon by a heavy-bearded man, who looked like an agreeable pirate, and who always danced with a young woman in a sprigged muslin dress. On the upper deck the passengers had become sufficiently acquainted to smile slightly at each other, and the Count, who was musical, played daily on his zither, and spoke German with the Harvard student. On the fourth day there came a change; the waves tossed themselves up into heaps of foam, the ship danced violently over the water, the heavy-bearded man declared that was dancing enough for one day and postponed the afternoon ball, the steerage belle became as limp in her feelings as the frills on her sprigged muslin dress, and those of the first-cabin passengers who were able to be out of their berths covered themselves warmly, talked little, and nibbled hard bread steadily.

Rosalie Miller was in one corner of the deck cabin, and in the opposite corner lay the lady with the French grammar. Now and then she opened her eyes and the book at the same time, and took a hasty look at the page headed "Material for Conversation." She had promised herself to learn six sentences a day, and she intended to learn them whether the sea ran high or low. Rosalie also held a book; it was one of her parting presents, and she had two more exactly like it in her state-room. There was a printed page and a blank page for every day of the voyage, and there was also a chart showing the ship's pathway across the Atlantic.

"How are you feeling now, Aunt Sarah?" said Rosalie to the lady in the corner.

"Worse, if anything," said the lady.

"I think," continued Rosalie, "we shall probably meet with a great storm on the seventh day. We may be shipwrecked. In this book the verse for the seventh day speaks of storms and danger."

The lady said she "didn't care, and that the sooner they were shipwrecked the better."

Through the doorway of the cabin one could see the waves and the sky, and now and then a laugh or a snatch of talk floated in through the port-hole windows.

"When we get to Flushing," said the Harvard student to the six pretty young women, whose chairs stood in a row, "we shall take a pilot on board, and his eyes will be black. If they are not black, I will give you each a box of chocolate."

"But we *know* that his eyes will be blue," said the six pretty young women all at once. "We are *sure* of it. If his eyes are not blue, we will each give you a sketch."

In the main cabin below, the Count was playing on his zither, a faint sound of singing came from the distant steerage, and the ship plunged onward through the endless stretch of white-capped waves.

"If the seventh day is to be a storm," said Rosalie, "then on the sixth day we may expect a great calm. Here is the verse for the sixth day:

'There is a point in the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source.
A little child might slumber undisturbed
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.'"

It was at this moment that a bundle of shawls slipped on to the floor from the third corner of the cabin, and young Mr. Julian Newton arose from his noonday nap. Looking gravely around, he said, "Tell me about the water-spout."

"That was the other lady," said Rosalie's aunt, feebly. "I am the lady who tells you about the dish ran away with the spoon."

"I want the water-spout," said Julian.

Now both Rosalie and Rosalie's aunt had not thought of a water-spout for years; not since Rosalie was studying physical geography; and even at that time they had not learned it as well as "the dish ran away with the spoon" a great many years before.

"I will make you a picture," said the girl, taking Julian's slate from the cabin floor. "See, here is New York, where we live. See all the high houses, and the cars going by the third-story windows. And here is a very big church, and some queer roofs, and a crooked street; that's Antwerp, where we are going. Now the place between is the ocean. See the waves. And here's the ship, and here is a round-faced little boy in a gray coat with a pointed hood; that is Julian. Isn't this a nice picture?" And Rosalie, putting down the pencil, took the two plump little hands in her own.

"Yes, I think so," said Julian; "it's a nice picture, only it's all wrong. I don't live in New York. I live in Salem, and I'm going to Paris. Tell me about a water-spout."

"You tell me," said Rosalie.

Julian went to the bundle of shawls, out of which he first pulled Martha, and then a book. The doll had broken her neck, and one eye was gone, but the expression of the other one plainly showed that Martha intended to make the best of her misfortunes.

"The water-spout is in here somewhere," said Julian, turning the leaves of the book, which had lost its cover, and was somewhat broken in its binding. "You can read about it if you don't know it."

He had climbed into Rosalie's corner, and one pink cheek rested against the girl's shoulder. "A water-spout is something like the mast of a ship," explained the child, "only it's longer. It comes out of the sea and goes into the sky, and it's all water, and you shoot at it."

"That's when a ship comes too near," said Rosalie, who, having found the picture, was taking a hasty look at the accompanying text. "A water-spout is very dangerous; it could swallow a ship ase asily as a pussy-cat could swallow a mouse. That is the reason the sailors shoot at it; a cannon-ball breaks it in the middle."

"I've got a cannon at home," said Julian; "only it is a little one. Are there any pictures in your book?"

"There's a place to make them," said Rosalie; "a place for every day of the voyage; but the book is really meant to keep a journal in. Do you know what that is?"

"My papa takes real flowers and puts them in a book sometimes, and when he takes them out they are flat."

"Yes," said Rosalie, "that is like a journal, only you are not old enough to understand why." The girl placed a pen in the child's hand, and guided the little fingers over the lines and the curves of the letters she had just formed on the title-page.

Sea Journal of Julian Newton.
Outward bound.

"Make the letters nice and black," she said. "Now the book is yours, and every day we will write in it. It is interesting to keep a journal, because you like to read it afterward. Perhaps some day yours will become very valuable. Valuable means that it would sell for lots of money. If you should grow up to be a great man, every one would want to see the sea journal kept by Julian Newton when he was five years old."

"Precious means lots of money too," said Julian. "I call Martha 'my precious.'" And he gave the one-eyed treasure a dangerous hug, considering the state of her neck.

"If you know as much as that," said Rosalie, "I think you can understand why a journal is like a pressed flower. Suppose you and Martha and I were to spend a long, beautiful week in the woods, and every day we should place a flower between the pages of a book, and beneath each flower we should write where it grew; and then, years after, when Martha had lost her head altogether, and you and I had packed a good many new ideas into ours, we should open the book again, wouldn't the dried flowers make us hear the birds sing in the woods we knew so long ago?"

"Yes, I think so," said Julian, gravely. "There are some woods back of my grandmother's house."

"Now, we are on the ocean together," continued Rosalie—"you and Martha and I; we haven't any flowers to press, but every day we will write our thoughts in this book, and then, a good many years from now, we can read what we have written, and each page will make us think of the ocean again and the sailors, and the big red star on the smoke-stack, and the little red star on the cups and saucers."

"And on the soap," said Julian. "I saw it myself."

"And at the end of the voyage," said Rosalie, "when we reach Antwerp, you can send your journal home to your dearest friend. That is what every one does who crosses the Atlantic."

"I shall send mine to Ellen," said Julian. "She's my grandmamma's cook. She came to see me because I was going away, and she felt dreadfully; she cried and cried; and I shall say, 'Dear Ellen, I didn't fall into the water.'"

"Now I am going to begin," said Rosalie.

"Dear Ellen, I didn't fall into the water," said Julian. "Write that."

"I will write the first four days my way," said Rosalie; "after that you can tell me what to say."

Rosalie wrote: "Left New York at seven this morning. Sixty cabin passengers, one child. I am the child. A great many people in the steerage."

"The steerage, Julian dear," explained Rosalie's aunt from the corner, "is where you look down and see them dance. They are all poor people, and don't pay as much as we do, and so they are in a different place."

"I know all about the steerage," said Julian. "That's where the man with a straw hat lives. I love that man. He laughs with his eyes. I 'most fell into that place once; I was leaning too hard against the rail."

"I'll write that down," said Rosalie. "'In the steerage is a man with a straw hat. He laughs with his eyes. I love him.'"

"I love the little girl too," said Julian. "I threw her an orange, and she threw me a kiss. First she showed her orange to the steerage man, and he smiled at me a very pleasant smile."

Antoine came in with a tray which he placed on the table by Rosalie's aunt, and he asked if he should bring madame stewed prunes or baked apples.

"Now, it's time to write something about your health," said Rosalie. "People always write whether they feel well, and if they think they are going to be sea-sick, and if they have a good appetite."

"Children always have," said Rosalie's aunt. "I wish I could be a child for the next ten days." She sipped a little of the soup which Antoine had placed before her, said that everything tasted exactly alike, took a hasty look into the French grammar, and closed her eyes, not to open them again until the steward reappeared with the baked apples.

"I had pink ice-cream Sunday night," said Julian, "up here on this little table."

Rosalie wrote: "*Second day out.*—Feel well; do not think I shall be sea-sick. Appetite good. Had some strawberry ice-cream. Passed a ship a long way off."

"I'll make the other two days very short," said the girl. "It's so stupid to write about things that are over. For Monday I will write, 'Same as yesterday, only no ice-cream'; and for to-day, 'Met Rosalie, who gave me this book, which is going to be very valuable.' Now I have showed you how to keep a journal, and the rest of the voyage you must keep it yourself, and that will be a great deal better."

"Yes, I think so," said Julian. And this is the way he kept it:

"*Fifth day out.*—I feel very well, and I sleep very well, and I eat very well. A man called me a sweet-potato plant. The waves are covered with white. It looks like a great many white birds on the water. I feel sleepy; Rosalie says it's the sea-air. Everybody feels sleepy.

"*Sixth day out.*—The men in the steerage stood up and sang very loud, and the name of the song was, 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.' The steerage man didn't sing; he reads and writes all the time, and he isn't sea-sick. I feel very well. Rosalie's aunt feels very bad. I say good-night to her in French; she told me how.

"*Seventh day out.*—It is cold. Saw a ship. The man who called me a sweet-potato plant showed it to me. He's a funny man. When it isn't his vacation he goes to a school called Harvard College. Once we were alone at the end of this ship, and the sun made lots of colors in the water, where the waves were white on top. The Harvard man called them rainbows, and he said, 'I am going to drop a gold ring into the sea.' It looked pretty going down. He said the ring was a secret which the sea would never tell, and he was very sad. I like him, but not so much as the steerage man. I asked him if the ring was valuable. He said, 'It was once.' Rosalie says that sometimes happens to rings. She is sorry for him, and so am I.

"*Eighth day out.*—There's going to be a concert. It is for all the passengers; only the steerage people can't go, because they are poor. It costs fifty cents to get in. A lady made a picture of me, on a big piece of paper. My papa bought it. The money is for a sick sailor. I wanted to give it to the steerage man, but my papa thought it would hurt his feelings, and that is a worse hurt than to shut your fingers in the crack of a door.

"*Ninth day out.*—This is Sunday. It is getting monotonous. That is Rosalie's aunt's word. She says it all the time. It means the same as prunes and bread and milk for supper, and never anything else. The ship is all alone in the middle of a great blue sea, and we are going very fast. In the cabin where we eat there is a flag hanging over the piano. They put it there last night for the concert. It is the American flag. Rosalie told me that once there was an American in a foreign country, where they spoke another way from his way, and they were going to shoot him, because they thought he was bad, and he didn't know how to tell them he wasn't, and just as they were about to shoot, another American came flying on horseback, and threw the American flag around the first man, and said to the people, 'Shoot if you dare!' and nobody dared. This is a true story. Rosalie has a friend who is some relation to the first man. She says it is a beautiful story, and I think so too. She said it was because the Americans were so brave that the other men didn't dare to hurt their flag. I shall be brave because I am an American. To-day we saw a good many sails.

"*Tenth day out.*—Last night I had some pink ice-cream, but no one will have any more because it is all gone. The steward says so. The oranges are 'most gone. Perhaps we shall reach land to-morrow, and then this journal will be all written. That is, the words will be written. Rosalie says that people sometimes write with their thoughts between the lines, and you can't see the writing. I asked her if she had written anything with her thoughts between these lines, and she said she wasn't quite sure."

It was the eleventh day out, and a gray chilly morning. The passengers, first cabin, second cabin, and steerage, were peering eagerly through the mist that they might not lose the first glimpse of land. Soon they saw a dim spot in the distance, then a few lonely islands, then a good piece of land with houses upon it. The blackness of the water changed into a strange green, queer ships were tossing on the waves, and this was the beginning of the English Channel. The passengers hastily finished their steamer letters and repacked their steamer trunks, and at this busy moment Julian Newton quietly dropped his unfinished sea journal on to the steerage deck. No one noticed him, and the book fell exactly where the child intended it should, at the feet of the steerage man.

On either side of the water were long stretches of land, over which hung low-lying clouds, gray clouds showing now and then a touch of rose-color through the rifts. Presently the steamer reached Flushing, the first Dutch town, and the pilot-boat came across the water.

"The pilot's eyes are black," said the Harvard student, who was looking through a glass. "I knew they would be."

The six pretty young women laughed and shook their heads, and said blue eyes often looked black at a distance. When the pilot came on board he was found to have eyes of two colors—one black and one blue. On this account the Harvard student gave only three boxes of chocolate, and received in turn only three sketches.

Rows of prim trees grew on the water's edge; rows of red-roofed picture-book houses appeared among the trees; rows of windmills stood up against the sky. The steamer had entered the river Schelde, and at the end of the river a high church tower looked down upon the quaint roofs of Antwerp. The Harvard student grew very merry. He had torn his sea hat into six pieces, one for each of the six pretty young women, who returned this delicate attention by giving him six hairs from their six pretty heads. They little knew how sad the Harvard student could be, and that four days before he had buried a gold ring in the middle of the Atlantic. The pilot with the two colored eyes brought the steamer safely into port, and the sixty first-cabin passengers sat that night around a flower-decked table, and ate their farewell dinner. Going through the hotel court-yard on her way to this dinner, Rosalie Miller saw Julian seated before a bowl of bread and milk in one of the side rooms.

"I am eating my supper," said the child. "The steerage man was here, and he brought back the book. I gave it to him. I thought he might sell it when it got valuable. He said I was very kind, and he had enjoyed reading it: those were his words. I asked him if he could read between lines, where there wasn't any writing. He said, 'Sometimes,' and his eyes laughed."

The girl's color deepened. She had opened the book, and saw that a page had been added to those from her own hand.

"*Eleventh day out.*—In sight of Antwerp.

"Three of us drifted over the sea,
Into unknown ways that God shall plan.
Two were Julian and Rosalie,
The third was only the steerage man.

"Two of us wrote in a book to keep,
With childlike words and a girlish hand,
Something of days on the waters deep,
As on we sped to a foreign land.

"One of us reading the pages said,
'A wish I have for us happy three:
Forever be we as safely led
As we now come gayly in from sea!'"

The writing was very familiar. In fact, she had in her steamer trunk a seventeen-paged letter from the same hand—a letter which she had torn through the middle on the first day out, pinned together on the second, and reads every day since. Some one entered from the little court-yard and took the seat on the other side of Julian, who had fallen half asleep over his bread and milk.

"Two were Julian and Rosalie,
The third was only a steerage man,"

said the new-comer, by way of beginning conversation. But what followed, although interesting in itself, is in no way connected with this journal of a first-cabin passenger.

THE FOOT-PATH.

Along the edges of the wood
The foot-path winds an umber streak,
Where oak and beech dropped sylvan food
For squirrel tooth and partridge beak.

The strawberry grew beside the way,
The John's-wort set its star of gold,
The mullein reared its pillar gray,
And laurel leaves their scrolls unrolled.

Cameos of sand the mole threw up,
The woodchuck's cavern yawned beside,
And the streaked honeysuckle's cup
Hung where the stream through pebbles pried.

The path then sought a meadowy dell
Full of soft grass where bird-nests hid,
And a brook tinkled like a bell,
And cedars reared their pyramid.

Dipping and twisting then it went
Along the banks replete with nooks,
Down to the marge, then headlong bent,
Winding as wound the grassy crooks.

Along the borders of the field,
Thence on it ran through hazels dense,
Where their balloons the thistles wheeled,
And the ripe blackberries wreathed the fence.

Through the broad meadow next it went,
Shining with many a spider thread,
Where herds were grouped beneath the tent
The maple cool and breezy spread.

It sought the orchard slope at last,
Where red and golden apples lay;
Over the upland's crest it passed,
And in the woodland died away.

PROFESSOR LANGHORNE'S REFORM.

Professor Langhorne, a very serious philosopher, recently set forth before a distinguished company in this city what he called a new theory or system of platform lectures. His proposition was to make it easy for any lady or gentleman to become a lecturer; not with a view to the good and comfort of society, but for the financial benefit of the aforesaid lady or gentleman. The immediate provocation to this is the alleged fact that lecturers are scarce—there being, it appears, not more than four or five hundred now available, with only two or three European cities to be heard from. It is evident that if the lecturer crop of Europe should fail in the near future, and we should not in the mean time have produced for ourselves an ample supply, the lecture bureaux will be ruined, and the professor desires to avert that calamity.

Herr Langhorne pretends to have derived his new theory from observation. He has heard, he says, a great many lectures, and has been more amused by them than he ever was in his own country even by Schultz and Müller in the comic papers. But after he had listened to forty or fifty a discovery flashed upon his mind, by which he means, we suppose, that a case of unconscious cerebration reached a climax at that moment. He had been, it appears, particularly pleased by the anecdotes that were used to illustrate the different points in the lectures—so much pleased that he laughed boisterously, and for a great while entirely failed to observe that the anecdotes did not illustrate in the least the point at which they were brought in, nor, in fact, any other point. As he reasoned upon this, it led up to his discovery. He found, as he says, that a lecturer in this country does not possess himself of a theme, and laboriously and logically elaborate a lecture therefrom, as is done in Teufelsdröckhdom, permitting himself the little relief of an anecdote or a merry tale at the hard points to get the audience easily over these; but, on the contrary, he gets together a dozen or more anecdotes or merry tales, and has a thread of pretended discourse upon which to "work them off" upon his hearers, the merry tales themselves being the substance, and not the ornaments of the lecture.

Herr Langhorne himself worked in a lecture by way of demonstrating his theory. His lecture was upon the art of portrait-painting—a theme suggested by a friend in the audience (with whom he had had a previous understanding). He pointed out that the first portraits were painted on glass—and apparently on looking-glass—the reasons being that looking-glasses afforded the only smooth surfaces produced by nature and accessible to primitive man, and that the subject to be painted had only to place himself in front of the glass, and remain there while the painter made permanent with his colors the reflection that appeared.

This was illustrated by a story of four gentlemen who played poker together. One of them was a gentleman from Kentucky; another was a man with one eye. They had played for an hour or so, and the Kentuckian observed strange conduct on the part of the aces. He watched this for a while in silence, and then he raised his voice in mild and moderate expostulation. He thought some one was cheating; as he was from Kentucky, he did not want to depart from the chivalric standards of his education, and would not make any personal reflections or name names; but if the fellow did it again, he would shoot his other eye out.

The remainder of the history of the art of portrait-painting was developed in about a dozen lines, and was illustrated by a story of a man who was riding around in an ox-cart, when the oxen ran away with him They went through newly cleared land, and the cart collided with constant stumps at every step, until a worse collision than any other threw the passenger out as from a catapult. Sympathetic people gathered about to know if he was hurt. He said he was not hurt, and that if ever he went to Gehenna, he hoped he might go in an ox-cart, because he should be so glad when he got there.

This is, of course, not the whole lecture on the art of portrait-painting, but is a good outline account of it. It would not be fair to report the whole of it, as the professor perhaps expects to have it copyrighted, and maybe go around the country with it next winter. If he does, his audiences will have their digestion improved, even if at last they do not know much more about portrait-painting than they did at first.

Every person acquainted with the institutions of this country will perceive that the professor has mingled unrelated things a little, and has confounded platform lectures with after-dinner speeches. It is very true that some of our speakers in this sphere indulge largely in illustration by funny stories—so largely that their speeches are often a mere series of illustrations with nothing to illustrate. There are good reasons for this. An orator, indeed, needs an occasion and a theme, and it requires a man with the physical and mental vigor of Daniel Webster to be able to eat one of Delmonico's dinners and make a great speech after it; and if a speech is not great, it appears it must be funny. There is no middle ground. If a speaker cannot charm our ears with fine periods or lift up our souls with great thoughts, he must tickle our fancies with comic conceits till our diaphragms respond with the short convulsions of laughter. If the people cannot have Cicero, they want a buffoon—whose buffoonery must be polite, of course. The after-dinner oratory is, upon the whole, a happy compromise, in which reason is permitted to have its little place, while we insist upon the cap and bells; and whereas the kings of old had their jokers to keep them in heart all through dinner, we take our jokes formally as a separate course at the end.

It may be observed that it is a trifle impertinent for any foreigner to pretend to teach here an art based upon Langhorne's discovery; for is it not obvious that he could not have discovered this art here unless it already existed? And is he not an innocent witness against himself when he says that he heard forty or fifty lectures or speeches before he "caught on"? Does not this alone prove the skill of our orators in this art? We can assure Langhorne that we are not in need of his instruction. We have at least twenty after-dinner orators in this city alone who can make brilliant and delightful after-dinner speeches without any ideas at all—nay, even without what Langhorne calls a thread of pretended discourse, who can simply run together half a dozen stories, and pretty old stories too, and hinging one upon another, make an address that will "set the table on a roar," and keep it so for half an hour; and when the brilliant speaker has taken his seat, you cannot recall one sentence of what he has said aside from his stories.

But while the professor cannot teach us this art, the fact that he has found it out is significant for the orators. It implies either that they are growing clumsy in practice, or that their oratorical dress has become worn too thin to cover the nakedness of their scheme. Perhaps it will be well for them to brace up and change their style a little, because Langhorne's discovery is in the nature of an exposure, and people may guy a speaker a little when he comes out with the familiar formula, "That reminds me of a story." Indeed, it may prove that Langhorne, reducing things to the absurd point, has unconsciously touched a button which will call up a great reform in after-dinner oratory.

THE KING OF GAME FISH.

Ten years ago the salmon was the acknowledged king of game fish. In the eyes of epicures he may still maintain his pre-eminence, but as a game fish he has been dethroned by the tarpon of the Gulf of Mexico. It would almost seem that nature had in his case devoted herself to the production of a perfect finned athlete. In beauty of shape and color he is matchless. In size he closely approaches the limit of possible capture with rod and line. In strength and agility he easily distances all others of his kind. Even the unimpressionable scientific persons, who usually affix formidable Latin names to members of the animal kingdom without regard to the fitness of things, recognized in the tarpon an unusually meritorious subject. They named him "the large-eyed" (*Megalops atlanticus*), even making an unwonted excursion into the Greek in their enthusiasm, and appropriating a term hitherto sacred to mythological divinities of high Olympus.

Add to these charms of person a desperate kind of pluck that carries him through a two-hours' fight with the most skilful fisherman, and you have a game fish wellnigh ideal in his qualities. His one fault—and it must be admitted that 'tis a serious one—is that he rarely takes the bait.

But before touching upon what may be termed his moral and intellectual qualities, it is well, perhaps, to describe his person a little more in detail. Fancy, if you can, an animated bar of silver some six feet long and fourteen to twenty inches wide; let its gracefully rounded upper edge be almost blue-black, like some shades of oxidized silver; let this shade off into wonderful tints of silvery white, with gold tints here and there on the broad sides. The scales are polygonal, with the angles rounded off somewhat—large horny disks they are, wider than this printed column—and they cover their owner from head to tail, as it were with armor of proof. The eye is as large, seemingly, as that of an ox, and very beautiful as well as fierce when the fish is fighting for his life. The mouth is a huge receptacle, large enough, when wide open, to take in a man's head, and guarded at the sides by large flat shear-like plates, whose cutting powers have been proved by the destruction of many a fisherman's tackle along the Gulf coast of Florida.

Such, in general terms, is this superb inhabitant of our semi-tropical waters. He is found all along the Gulf coast, and under exceptionally favorable circumstances stray specimens have wandered as far north as the coast of New Jersey. He is, however, essentially a tropical fish, and his excursions north of the twenty-sixth parallel of latitude are probably due to inexperience and ignorance of the rapid northward trend of the Gulf Stream. To the westward along the Gulf coast this fish has been known as tarpum, *grande écaille*, silver-king, and by other names peculiar to certain localities. Tarpon is now, however, practically accepted as the popular name, but we believe that its origin has not yet been authoritatively determined.

The tarpon does not often display his glories to human eyes until he feels the prick of spear or hook. The writer once saw a fine specimen chasing flying-fish, with enormous leaps, just off the coast of Florida, but such sights appear to be rare. Generally the dorsal fin is barely raised above the surface, there is a dull gleam of oxidized silver, a huge tail makes whirlpools for an instant, and megalops returns to his feeding-ground on the bottom. Fishermen, indeed, have no love for a jumping fish, for, they say, he seldom takes the bait. Standing on the bow of a sail-boat gliding over the extensive shallows that are the favorite habitat of the tarpon, one may see the great fish by hundreds, or rather one may see the rocket-like cloud of mud that each one stirs up as he takes fright and rushes away into the distance.

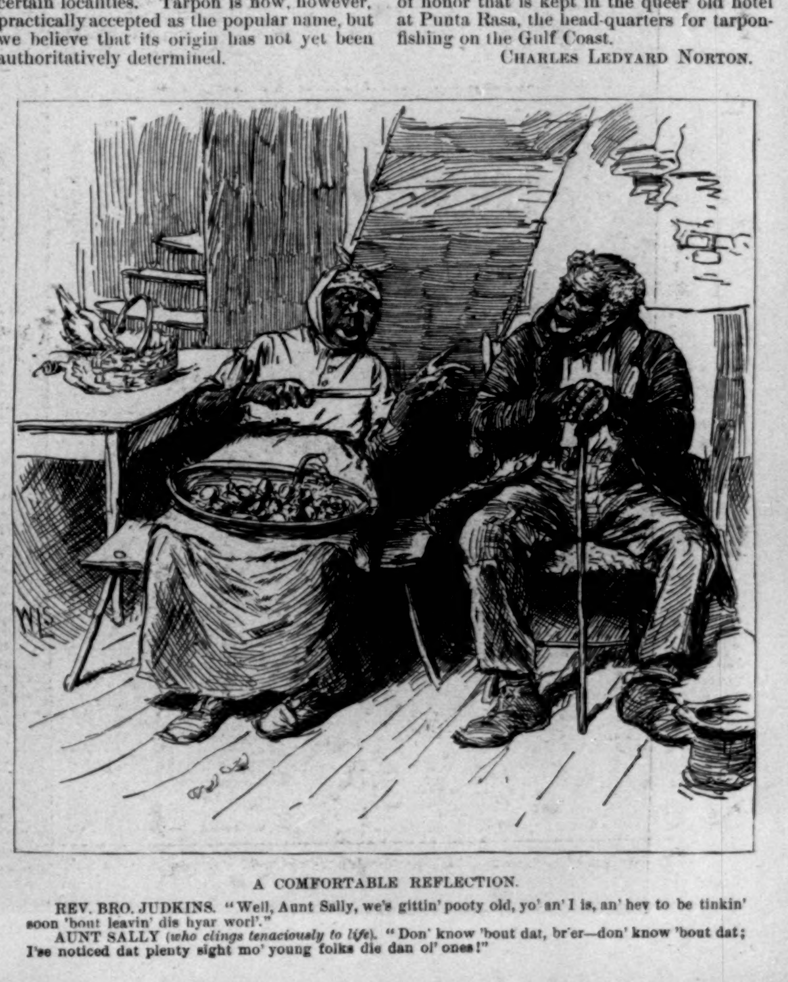
Of course such a monster bids defiance to nets, and, until a few years ago, spears or grains were the only known means of capture. At length a fish was accidently taken with a rod, and thereupon Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York, set himself to study the habits of the creature, with a view to adding his name to the list of Florida fishes.

After long experiment he found that, with the exercise of preternatural patience, the fisherman who uses fresh mullet as a bait may hope for occasional bites, with a fair chance of a strike if he keeps cool. It is evident that such a large and powerful fish must have a ravenous appetite, and for this reason it is suspected that the best bait has not yet been discovered. Be this as it may, fresh mullet is the only bait that has thus far been successful.

Tarpons are usually taken in shallow water from an anchored boat. A 10/0 Dublin bend ringed Limerick hook is a favorite size, with about two hundred yards of 15-thread linen line. A rod seven or eight feet long is a good size, and the best snell as yet devised is a rather loosely laid strand of cotton line, stained some dark color, that will not show under water. This is chosen because the bait is likely to be taken by a shark, in which case the snell is promptly bitten apart, and the hook alone is lost; whereas if a chain were used the shark might carry away everything. Moreover, the cotton threads are less likely to alarm the tarpon, who can be securely hooked only when he completely gorges the bait.

It is no uncommon thing for a fisherman to sit for a week or more without a bite, but the chances improve as the season advances, and in May and June fishermen who venture to face the heat may be reasonably sure of better luck. When securely hooked the tarpon displays his remarkable qualities to the full extent. He begins a series of energetic leaps and rushes that test to the uttermost the skill, nerve, and endurance of the angler and the quality of his tackle. The illustration on page 340 shows the exciting moment when the fish, feeling the barbed hook in his gullet, throws himself out of water, and begins a succession of gymnastic feats that last from half an hour to two hours, or more. It is the unwritten law of the tarpon grounds that when a fish is hooked every one must keep out of the way. Our fisherman, accordingly, may count upon a fair field and no favor, and should he succeed in landing his prey his name will be added to the roll of honor that is kept in the queer old hotel at Punta Rasa, the head-quarters for tarpon-fishing on the Gulf Coast.

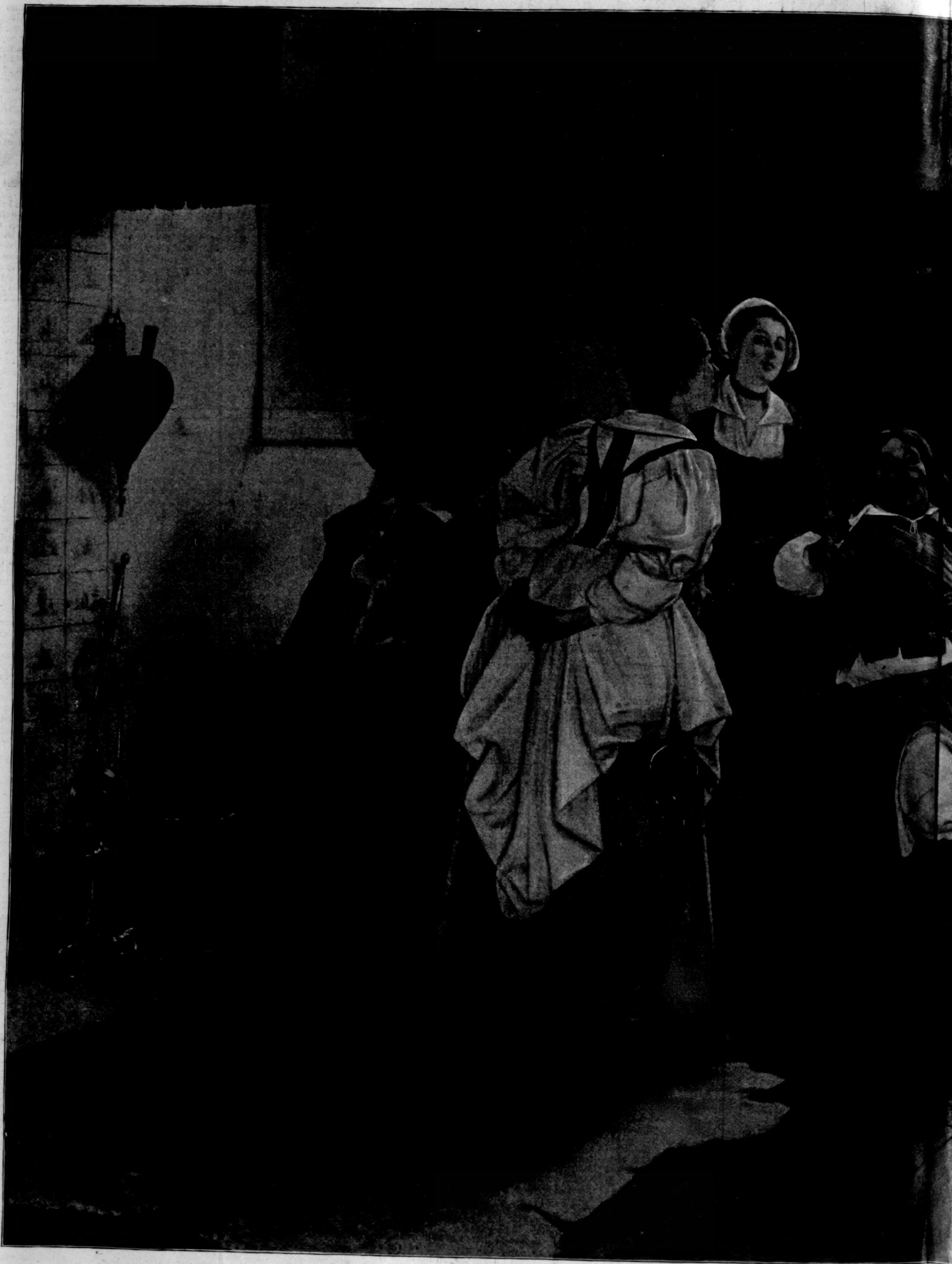
Charles Ledyard Norton.



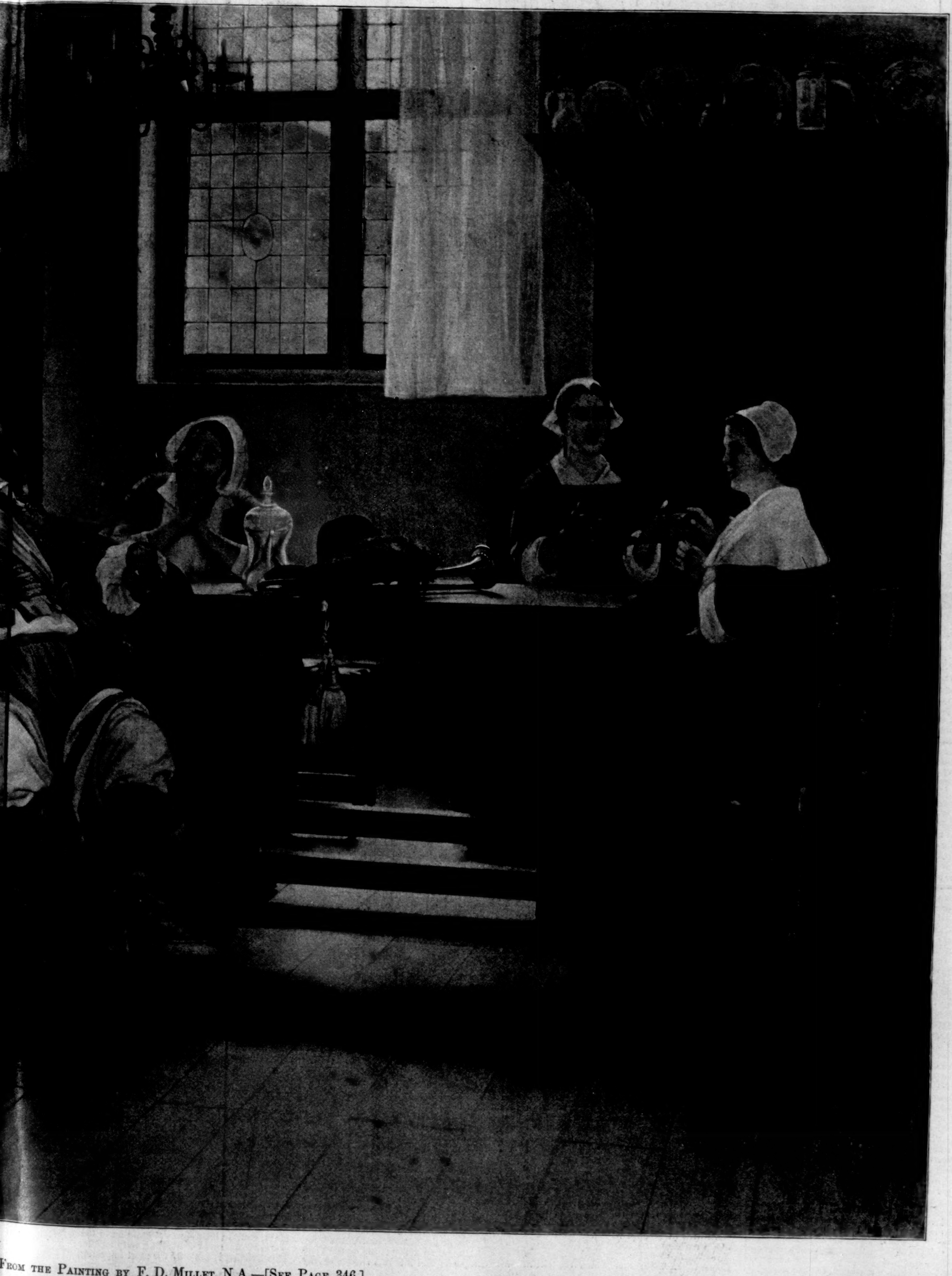
A COMFORTABLE REFLECTION.

REV. BRO. JUDKINS. "Well, Aunt Sally, we's gittin' pooty old, yo' an' I is, an' hev to be tinkin' soon 'bout leavin' dis hyar worl'."

AUNT SALLY (*who clings tenaciously to life*). "Don' know 'bout dat, br'er—don' know 'bout dat; I'se noticed dat plenty sight mo' young folks die dan ol' ones!"



ANTONY VAN CORLEAR, THE TRUMPETER.—FROM



From the Painting by F. D. Millet, N.A.—[See Page 346.]

ANTONY VAN CORLEAR,

THE TRUMPETER OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

Nathaniel Hawthorne as the historiographer of old Puritan life in New England goes hand in hand with Washington Irving as the chronicler of the children of New Amsterdam. Widely different in quality of genius, each suited the types of character and national development which fell to him to portray. Each used fiction as his medium, but the essential color and feeling of truth shone out with a more vivid realism under the creative touch of fancy than can be found in more veracious chronicles.

From the sombre and powerful light of Hawthorne's imagination, one turns with a sense of pleasant rest to the airy and gracious humor of Irving, the historian of New Amsterdam, the minstrel who sings in limpid and musical prose the quaint legends of our American Rhine, and has embalmed them, as in amber, in a medium of mellowness and sunshine. We see rising before the mind's eye the solid and ponderous old Dutch burgher and his no less solid vrouw, with their plump and chubby daughters; the little gabled houses, with their tiled roofs and mighty fireplaces within; the long pipes, the sedate faces, the vast breeches and Brobdingnagian doublets; and a procession of curious and amusing personages, of which Wilhelmus Kieft, the "Testy," Peter Stuyvesant, the "Headstrong," and Antony Van Corlear, the "Trumpeter," are among the most shining exemplars.

Mr. Frank Millet, the artist, has made the last-named worthy the subject of a painting now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, which is presented in a double-page drawing in the present issue of the **Weekly**. The conception of Mr. Millet is so vigorous, unctuous, and genial that it will at once inspire in the spectator a desire to know something more of the character of this personage, as depicted in the pages of his sole biographer, Diedrich Knickerbocker.

"Now it came to pass," narrates our veracious chronicler, "that about this time" (that is to say, in the days of William the Testy) "there lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, robustious trumpeter named Antony Van Corlear, famous for his long wind; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings right lustily i' the nose.

"The sounder of brass was, moreover, a lusty bachelor, with a pleasant burly visage, a long nose, and huge whiskers. He had his little *bowerie*, or retreat in the country, where he led a roistering life, giving dances to the wives and daughters of the burghers of the Manhattoes, insomuch that he became a prodigious favorite with all the women, young and old. He is said to have been the first to collect the famous toll levied on the fair sex at Kissing Bridge, on the highway to Hell-gate.

"To this sturdy bachelor the eyes of all the women were turned in this time of darkness and peril as the very man to second and carry out the plans of the Governor. A kind of petticoat council was forthwith held at the Government House, at which the Governor's lady presided; and this lady, as has been hinted, being all-potent with the Governor, the result of these councils was the elevation of Antony the Trumpeter to the post of commandant of windmills and champion of New Amsterdam.

"The city being thus fortified and garrisoned, it would have done one's heart good to see the Governor snapping his fingers and fidgeting with delight as the trumpeter strutted up and down the ramparts, twanging defiance to the whole Yankee race, as does a modern editor to all the principalities and powers on the other side of the Atlantic. In the hands of Antony Van Corlear this windy instrument seemed to him as potent as the horn of the paladin Astolpho, or even the more classic horn of Alecto; nay, he had almost the temerity to compare it with the ram's horn celebrated in Holy Writ, at the very sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down."

Of the deeds of the redoubtable Antony the worthy Diedrich Knickerbocker has written in full—how the voluminous breeches of the burghers quivered with the agitation of the insides thereof when Anthony departed on any mission of war or diplomacy, for they prized him much as the comforter of their wives and daughters in time of need; how in the days of Peter Stuyvesant he went to give defiance to the Yankees, "twanging his trumpet like a very devil. . . .ogling and winking at the women, and making aerial windmills from the end of his nose at their husbands, and stopping occasionally in the villages to eat pumpkin pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the Yankee lasses"; and how he did many other things notable in the Dutch Iliad of New Amsterdam.

Mr. Millet has seized Irving's jolly and unctuous characterization with great spirit and sympathy. Antony the Trumpeter sits at a table, pipe and glass in hand, amidst a bevy of vrouws old and young. His rubicund face is alight with a broad smile of fun and amorousness, as he tells some story of Munchausen adventure, or perchance listens to the retort of the merry lass who seems to be the special object of his admiration. The laughing devil in the trumpeter's eye, and the loose, pleasure-loving mouth under the fiercely curling mustache, tell the whole story. The famous trumpet lies on the table, gayly bedecked with love-tokens, and the rich crimson and yellow slashed doublet and breeches of Antony in their warmth of color contrast with the more subdued tones of the old Dutch apartment. The youthful vrouw who seems to be the trumpeter's special *vis-à-vis* has her back turned to the spectator, but the glimpse of the profile barely shown conveys with irresistible force a spirit of arch and brilliant mockery, which furthermore irradiates every portion of the body in its pose and handling. The other lasses sit or stand with smiling faces, and mamma beams on the scene from the corner of the table. As a foil to all this rollicking merriment *paterfamilias* sits in the corner of the hearth as stolid as a stone, and dreaming amidst the smoke of his long pipe. The artist has heightened the effect of his work by several other subtle contrasts, which will quickly suggest themselves to a keen observer. The picture is so strong, sympathetic, and lusty as a piece of characterization, and relates so closely to the history of New York under the quaintest conditions of its early life, that it should become a public possession. It would sadly belie its true worth to pass into private hands. It is such a canvas as the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum should secure. For, however important it may be to have foreign masterpieces, it is still more needful to hang representative American work, specially when it so charmingly reflects interesting phases of national life or history.

STRAUSS AND VIENNESE DANCE MUSIC.

An amusing story, which has the additional merit of being literally true, is related of an old lady in Vienna, whose greatest joy in life had always been to listen to the waltzes of Strauss as played by his orchestra, and who ordained in her last will and testament that a Strauss waltz should be played at her funeral, for which each member of the orchestra was to receive a ducat. The heirs objected at first, on religious grounds, to carry out this plan, but the provisions of the will were distinct, and could not be violated without endangering their own claims; so Strauss and his musicians were engaged and placed in a circle around the grave, and while the coffin was being lowered they played the favorite waltz of their late lamented admirer.

This story is vouched for by Strauss himself, and it shows most vividly what a firm hold the music of the Strauss family has taken on the Viennese mind. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the minds of most people Strauss and Vienna are almost synonymous terms. No other city has ever had a hero so thoroughly identified with itself. We can think of Berlin without Bismarck, of London without Dickens, of Paris without Victor Hugo; but I defy any one to think of Vienna without at the same time conjuring up the name of Strauss, by what psychologists call an inseparable association of ideas.

This popularity of the name Strauss in Vienna—and out of Vienna—is by no means of recent growth, for the elder Johann Strauss, who first made the name famous in the annals of dance music, was born in 1804, five years before Mendelssohn and Chopin, and nine years before Wagner. He had the advantage of being for some years a member of the orchestra of Lanner, who is generally considered the originator of the Viennese waltz, although, in truth, the germs of it may be found in the valses of Schubert. Soon, however, Strauss made up an orchestra of his own, and not only took the Viennese by storm, by the inimitable vivacity of his playing and conducting, but conceived the bold and quite novel plan of taking his orchestra and travelling with it throughout Europe, giving everywhere concerts in which Viennese dance music was mingled with classical pieces. Their success was immense, and Strauss soon found himself famous.

But Johann Strauss, Sen., was, after all, only the beginning of the Strauss dynasty, who, great as was his fame and still is, was destined to be eclipsed by his three sons, all of whom have won distinction as composers of dance music.

Of these three sons of Johann Strauss, the oldest—Johann, the "Waltz King"—is the best known, because he has not only composed over five hundred pieces of dance music, but also a series of operettas which are considered by competent judges to be superior, from a musical point of view, to those of Offenbach, Lecocq, Suppe, and Sullivan. The second son, Joseph, also wrote a number of meritorious pieces, and the youngest, Edward, has composed more than two hundred, many of which have enjoyed immense popularity. Johann Strauss, Jun., after his father's death, took his famous orchestra and continued the tours throughout Europe. During the great Gilmore Jubilee he even came to America, but without his orchestra, which will this summer be heard for the first time in America, under the direction of Edward Strauss, who took charge of it about twenty years ago, when Johann began devoting himself to the composition of operettas. It is this orchestra which plays at the court balls in Vienna; which, as we read in the Supplement to Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "created a furor in London" in 1885; and which the Berlin *Boersen Courier* declares to be superior in its own field even to the Philharmonic orchestra of that city. The American tour is to begin in May at Boston, after which various cities East and West will be visited, the orchestra arriving in New York on June 9th, in time for the opening of the new Madison Square Garden.

It must be clearly understood that if the Musical Protective Union should succeed in its threatened determination to keep out the Strauss Orchestra, the American people will miss a rare and unique treat, for which no other band can ever compensate them. We have not a few excellent orchestras and bands in this country, but none of them can play the music of the Viennese school as Strauss and his men play it. Mr. C. F. Trebbar, manager of Steinway Hall, who is as competent a judge of music as any man in the country, remarked pertinently in a recent interview: "I know of no leaders, however great, who can compare with the Strausses themselves in the interpretation of the charming waltz and other dance music of this gifted family. I said this to one of our greatest leaders on the eve of his departure for Europe, and advised him to visit Vienna and confirm my words. He answered with a shrug; but he went, nevertheless, and returned with the acknowledgment that he had enjoyed and learned much." My own experience was similar to that of the leader here referred to.

Previous to my first visit to Vienna I had scorned dance music, and considered it unworthy of the attention of a serious lover of music. But a single hearing of the Strauss Orchestra made me change my mind completely on the subject. I had never learned to dance, but I had not been in Vienna two weeks before I was a regular attendant at a dancing class, and during the carnival of that year I never missed a masked ball at which Strauss played. It was simply impossible to remain indifferent to the rhythmic swing of "those irresistible waltzes, that first catch the ear, and then curl round the heart, till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs," as some one has forcibly expressed it.

But the greatest charm of the Strauss music lies not in the fact that it is the best dance music ever written. It has a higher value, an artistic side, which is largely missed in the ballroom, and can be fully appreciated only in the concert hall. Why is it that Richard Wagner, though he was so chary in his praise of contemporary musicians, frequently expressed his great admiration for the Strauss waltzes? Why does Brahms admire them equally? Why does Mr. Theodore Thomas always put a Strauss waltz on the programmes of his popular concerts? Let two of the most distinguished of German critics answer these questions. Dr. Hauslick, Professor of Musical History at the University of Vienna, writes: "I do not hesitate to pronounce Strauss and Lanner the most original and fascinating talents in the arid period of Viennese musical life following upon Schubert. They delighted the people and interested the musicians. Supplementing one another, they gave to their small *genre* an unprecedented musical charm and life. It is necessary to examine the older dance music to realize fully what Strauss and Lanner made of it. How astonishingly dry and insignificant are even Mozart's 'German' and Beethoven's 'Country' dances in comparison!"

Herr C. F. Pohl, librarian to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna, remarks concerning the elder Strauss: "Great masters like Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Cherubini acknowledged his talent. He raised dance music to a higher level than it had ever reached before, and invested his copious melodies with all the charm of brilliant instrumentation. Full of fire, life, and boisterous merriment, they contrasted well with Lanner's softer and more sentimental airs, and must be judged by *a totally different standard from that of mere dance music.*"

Here we have the kernel of the matter. The tendency already shown by the elder Strauss to make the waltz something more than a mere rhythmic accompaniment to the dance has been carried still further by his sons, so that the best Strauss waltzes may be said to be as far above ordinary dance music as are Chopin's valses, or Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." This last-named piece was originally written for the piano, and orchestrated afterward by Berlioz, who ranks with Wagner as one of the two greatest masters of instrumentation the world has ever seen. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the instrumentation of the best Strauss waltzes is quite on a par with that of Berlioz. Harmonically, too, Strauss is equal to any classical master, and his melodies and rhythms are so original and inspired that their popular character does not in the least detract from their artistic value. Strauss is by turns as tender as Schubert in his lyric songs and as passionate almost as Wagner in his dramas.

As just stated, the artistic beauty of Viennese dance music is fully revealed only in the concert hall, because there the conductor is not obliged to beat time for the dancers with the metronomic regularity of a pendulum, but can follow all the finer *nuances* of time which are inherent in the character of the music, and which give it its poetic charm—its perfume, as it were. This poetic freedom of rhythmic movement in Viennese dance music must be doubtless traced to the influence of Hungarian gypsy music on the Viennese composers, and it is this feature chiefly that raises their music above other dance music. They not only originated the waltz, but they grasped its essence, which lies in its being the dance of love, the dance of lively young people, as compared with the stately minuets and other old-fashioned dances which were danced by the older people in their stiff wigs, while the young people were left in charge of chaperons. The waltz is the dance of the nineteenth century, and symbolizes the emancipation of young people from ceremonious restraint and chaperonage. But being a dance of love, it was necessary that the waltz should be not only lively, but also should give expression to the various moods of love-making—the tender glances, the passionate sighs, the outbursts of jealousy. These feelings are all portrayed in the Strauss waltzes, especially in the introductions, which Strauss has made more and more elaborate and full of tender and passionate amorous feeling.

A few weeks ago the curious information was cabled from Vienna that Strauss in his old days had come to the conclusion that the waltz as he had been writing it all his life was too fast, and that therefore he had begun composing waltzes in a slower time, which would give the dancers time to converse. Strauss was so much pestered with letters on this subject that he wrote to a Viennese paper: "It never occurred to me, and never will occur to me, to reduce the tempo of the waltz to an *andante commodo*, or make it in the least bit slower. My two latest compositions, 'Kaiserwalzer' and 'Rathhausballtänze,' are the most convincing proof of this assertion, as the tempo and character of the waltz are therein the same as they were forty years ago, only I have enlarged the introduction and the coda, and have had occasion to remark to friends that these two parts were perhaps capable of further musical development, which may have given rise to the fable regarding the conversation waltz and the *andante commodo.*"

It seemed, indeed, improbable that Strauss would attempt the impossible feat of altering the most characteristic dance of this century, which is simply an expression of the modern spirit, and could not be altered without altering that too. But there is a hint in his last sentence that his successors may carry his reforms, intended for the concert hall, to the ballroom itself, making the dancers no longer whirl around like mechanical wheels or tops, but adapt their motions to all the rhythmic irregularities, the *tempo rubato*, of the musical movement. Were this done, dancing would once more become a fine art. Perhaps our society leaders will study Strauss's interpretations, and decide whether such an innovation would be practicable.

Henry T. Finck.

LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

Columbus gave to Ferdinand and Isabella a new world; La Salle gave Louis le Grand a claim to the heart of a continent. Could La Salle and the Chevalier de Tonty, as they worked their way up the Chicago River on the 4th of January, 1681, have seen in prophetic vision the city which was to spring up along the shore, the sight would have amply recompensed them for their toils, privations, and dangers. They would have seen a city of over a million inhabitants, with 169 square miles of territory, 2000 acres of parks, 614 miles of paved streets, and with 66 railroads binding it by links of steel to every part of the vast domain they were traversing; and in the finest park of the city, looking south down the avenue and street that bears his name, they would have seen a heroic figure in bronze, with this inscription on the granite pedestal, "Robert, Cavelier de la Salle."

La Salle Street, looking south from the entrance of the tunnel to the Board of Trade building, that five or six blocks away abruptly terminates the view, presents an imposing appearance, and gives the casual visitor a good idea of the solidity and business of the central portion of Chicago. Immediately at the mouth of the tunnel, on the east side, is Jackson Hall, recalling the memory of early Chicago, "Long John Wentworth," and associated with the present as the early home of the Chicago *Times*, established more than thirty-five years ago as the organ of Stephen A. Douglas, but afterward, under Story, removed to its present home on Washington Street and Fifth Avenue. On the west side of the street, and a little farther south, between Randolph and Washington, is the location of the Spencer Bank, which many have occasion to remember in connection with the great failure of a decade or more ago. On the whole block bounded by Randolph, Clark, Washington, and La Salle are the City Hall and Cook County Court-house, in reality two buildings, but joined so as to give the effect of a single immense structure, their seventy-five granite columns giving a brighter tint in summer to the background of stone, and on frosty winter mornings they are transformed to columns of Parian marble, rivalling those of "the white wonder" of the Parthenon that crowned the Acropolis of ancient Athens.

South of the City Hall, and fronting on Washington and La Salle, on the site of the old Chamber of Commerce, an office building climbs skyward to the height of thirteen stories, overlooking the City Hall on the north, and the lofty Tacoma building to the south, on the corner of Madison and La Salle. This building is not only the most imposing structure in Chicago in point of height, but in appointments and adaptation to its purpose may be regarded as nearly perfect as modern architecture and science can make it. Some genius, with a taste for the extraordinary, has suggested that its level roof be utilized during the World's Fair, and fitted up as an evening resort, where visitors could enjoy music and refreshments, and see Chicago by gas-light as the leading attraction. On the west side of the street, between Washington and Madison, are the Western Union Telegraph offices, several bank buildings, and the head-quarters of the Western Associated Press, while a little farther south is the Oriental Masonic Hall, one of the oldest in the city.

From Madison Street south to the Board of Trade building is the head-quarters of the insurance business of Chicago. The Nixon building, on the northeast corner of Monroe and La Salle, enjoys the distinction of being the only one that successfully stood the test of the great fire of October 8 and 9, 1871. South from Monroe to the Board of Trade building are some of the finest office buildings in the world. The Board of Trade building, the great agricultural barometer of the West, and the Grand Pacific Hotel, are too well known to need more than mention.

Chicago is justly loyal to the memory of the intrepid explorer of whom Parkman writes, "He stands in history like a statue cast in iron."

H. T. SUDDUTH.

THE HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON.

THE *Royal Prince*, British line-of-battle ship, built in 1610, was armed with quaint ordnance, still more quaintly christened—cannon, petronel, demi-cannon, culverin, demi-culverin, rakers, and swivelling post-pieces—which ran in a destructive gamut from roaring 18's to quiet, small 3-pounders. This "brood of murdering pieces," recalling the breezy tales of buccaneers and the Spanish Main, of *Westward Ho!* and John Oxenford and Salvation Yeo luring the youths of Devon on the weedy steps of Biddeford Quay, has long since been consigned to the limbo of artillery scrap heaps, though the tactical principle which governed its mixed employment is in our day restored to its ancient usage.

In the enumeration of the ships we speak now of the primary and the secondary batteries, as they would of old have boasted of their petronels and rakers. The first class includes the stars, from the monster 110-ton guns to the little high-powered 6-inch rifles; and the other, all that lesser battery which makes up the rattling chorus of the new war drama. These smaller pieces have an important rôle to fill, and as the terms, and to a definite degree the conditions, of modern warfare are still unsettled, they are made illogically to play many parts. In the broad generalization adopted we find the secondary battery embraces machine guns, mitrailleuse in type, the revolving cannon shown in M. de Thulstrup's spirited picture, and the rapid-fire pieces, which, beginning with a modest 1-pound projectile, aspired to calibres of six inches and shots weighing seventy pounds, fired ten times a minute. This ambition, however, overleaped itself, and the extreme development has been rejected for a smaller but no less wonderful piece of 4.72 inches, which can hit a target six feet square five times in thirty-one seconds, with a shot weighing forty-five pounds. To finish with the piece at once, it may be added that this gun weighs a little over two tons, and when fired with twelve pounds of Chilworth smokeless powder has yielded a muzzle velocity of 2356 feet a second, and a penetration of 10.5 inches into wrought-iron.

The revolving cannon occupies a place between the single-barrelled rapid-fire guns and the machine guns, which consist of a number of breech-loading rifle-barrels grouped about an axis or arranged in a horizontal line. Like the latter, it has tubes that are loaded and fired in continuous succession by the action of suitable machinery at the breech; and in common with both it uses fixed ammunition and ejects automatically the empty cartridge shells. The invention created a positive sensation upon its first appearance, and great things were expected of a piece which could fire rapidly and accurately explosive projectiles weighing 1, 2½, and 3½ pounds with a velocity of 1400 feet a second. The Hotchkiss Company did not hide its light under a bushel, for I recall vividly the picture of a French battle-ship beset with pestiferous torpedo-boats, and freeing herself just in the nick of time by a murderous discharge of revolving cannons mounted on mathematically exact spots and discharged at the most effective range to complete, as the engraving proved, the destruction by the giant of the over-rash flotilla of "microbes."

From the beginning machine guns have been looked upon as being a most important part of the ship's armament, the possibilities of the rapid-fire gun not having been considered until within the last five years. The Chief of Naval Ordnance reported in 1882 that "it would be necessary to supply our ships of war with a greater number of machine guns, both of large and small calibre. The heavier calibres penetrate the sides of all unarmored vessels, and are capable of piercing about 1.8 inches of steel placed normally near the muzzle. They are also very effective against thin plates placed at quite an acute angle to the line of fire, and at very considerable distances. For this reason they are well adapted for use as a defence against the fast torpedo-boats now in vogue. When these swift little vessels are advancing bows on upon the enemy, the lines they present to the hostile fire are mostly very acute, and unless the projectiles fired against them have high velocity and considerable weight, they glance, and are innocuous. If, however, penetration through the skin plate is once obtained, great residual energy is desirable in order that the projectile may pass through the interior steel bulkheads, and this result is what is aimed at by manufacturers of these classes of guns. In future engagements between ships at sea the effect of such guns will be of great importance, as their powers of destruction and annoyance are quite out of proportion to their size." The revolving cannon of the larger types proved in practice to be somewhat unwieldly, and the final change to the single barrel of increased length, using a heavier powder charge, was logical and in consonance with the growing ballistic power of large guns.

Although the type was invented, developed, and manufactured by an American, the revolving cannon has to be purchased at his foundry near Paris. As this seemed wrong every way, the Navy Department refused, in 1887, to take any more foreign guns, while at the same time it agreed to buy a certain number of these and of the rapid-fire pieces if the Hotchkiss Company would erect at home a plant for their fabrication. The offer has been accepted, and as the proper quality of steel can at last be manufactured here, we are now in a position to purchase our secondary batteries without the possible interference in war times of the limitations imposed by the laws of nations on neutrals or combatants. The calibre generally employed in all services is the thirty-seven millimetre, and the piece can be rapidly served by a crew of five. It is difficult without the solvent of battle experience to assign a definite place to the type, as the great success of the single-barrelled rapid-fire gun has overshadowed it. That its reputation is still good is shown by the fact that in the first-class side-protected cruisers lately authorized for the French navy four of the guns are to be carried in each of the armored tops fitted to the two military masts. We can always have a special pride in it as another evidence of the revolutionizing inventions which this country, the least military of the great powers, has contributed to modern war theories.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

NAMES FOR OUR NEW NAVY.

MUST we lose the names of the war ships that have once floated the Stars and Stripes in glorious encounter? New ships are building, and old ones are being condemned, by act of Congress, but why cast away the magic name that has once been associated with our glory on the seas? The ships that now carry our blue-jackets and middies about the world should be a reminder of the deeds of their worthy predecessors, and the names they bear should suggest the heroism of our Farraguts, Decaturs, and John Paul Joneses, that the men of this peaceful age may not forget that we too have our heroes.

Our new vessels are bringing new names upon our navy list, and worthy names too; but should we not first exhaust those under which our past heroes fought? Who of us does not feel his cheeks glow with pride when the *Bon Homme Richard* is mentioned, the good ship that carried our Revolutionary arms on to the shores of Great Britain itself? With her were associated many others in the struggle for liberty, almost forgotten now. Let us revive some of them.

There were the *Columbus, Providence, Protector, Defence, Cabot, Hancock, Randolph, Raleigh, Washington, Warren, Trumbull, Congress, Montgomery, Hampden, Lexington, Royal Savage, Liberty, Deane, Gates, Hornet, Surprise*—names picked out at random, all ranged under the banner of liberty in the days of '76—many of them those of leaders in that struggle, and all of them at least as appropriate to our modern vessels as such unmelodious nonsense as *Nipsic* or *Tallapoosa.* Who would not prefer fighting on the deck of the *Congress* or *Lexington* rather than on that of the *Swatara* or *Quinnebaug?*

Some of the Revolutionary names have survived, as, for instance, *Boston, Enterprise, Alliance, Ranger, Independence, Dolphin, Saratoga*—all ships that helped shape the history of that stirring time. But why should not the rest be also remembered?

In 1800 the war with Algiers and with the French in the West Indies brought our national flag once more upon the high seas in a manner calculated to impress the world with the fact that fighting republics did not die with the last of the Romans. Of the good ships of that period we still are reminded by our present ones to the extent of the *Constitution, Constellation, Essex, Boston, Adams, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Enterprise;* but where do we find now the good ship *United States,* or her sister crafts *Congress, General Greene, George Washington, Ganges, Merrimack, Connecticut, Delaware, Pinckney, Eagle, Warren?*

The war of 1812 fills us with still deeper regret, for that is the last great naval war in which we have been engaged—at least against a foreign power. The Mexican war, we probably all agree, did little to add to our glory at sea, even if it did add to our land possessions.

The war of 1812 made us proud of such ships as the *Decatur, Yankee, Chesapeake, Macedonian, Hornet, Lawrence, Niagara, President, Wasp, Peacock*—names that every school-boy should know all about. Of the others were the *Argus, Siren, Nautilus, Vixen, Ticonderoga, Preble, Oneida, Ontario, Fair American, Somers,* and many more.

The rebellion war is so recent that many a ship that fought then is now in commission; but it is no less to be regretted that so many of the names that suggest naval greatness to us should make room for new ones with no particular historic interest attaching to them. Before naming any more *Atlantas* or *Despatches,* why not revive such names as *San Jacinto, Roanoke, Cumberland, Monitor, St. Lawrence, Oneida, Mississippi,* besides many others that will readily occur to all who have heard of the great rebellion?

If we had no great men, or had fought no great wars, there might be then good reason for naming our boats *Vesuvius, Dynamite,* or corresponding names; but, thank God! we are not reduced to that, and Congress should be made to understand that the ships that reflect American greatness in foreign parts do not require to be branded merely for pleasing effect, like new collars and cuffs, but that each man-of-war that leaves our shores should bear the inheritance of an unbroken record of patriotic deeds upon the high seas; that each veteran craft that reaches the invalid condition should be replaced by another, fresher in paint and spars, to be sure, but manned with the same stuff as fought her predecessor, and animated by the recollection of what was done when the name she bears acted like the magic of Napoleon's eagles.

Let us, then, revive these honorable names, and when these shall have been exhausted, let us draw for the rest, not upon European navies for titles, but upon the names of men great as patriots, and upon those of places connected with deeds of patriotism.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

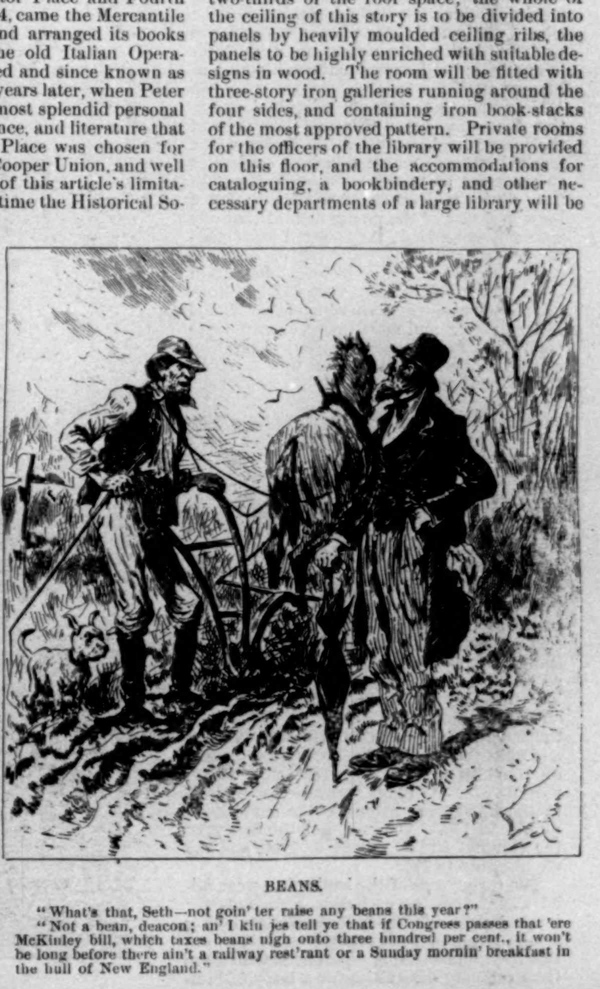
WITH the passing of another year New York will have one more architectural monument dedicated to science and literature. At the junction of Eighth Street, Astor Place, and Lafayette Place, the site of old Clinton Hall, the Mercantile Library Association is to have a new and magnificent home for its lettered and other treasures. That section of the city abutting upon these corners has come to be firmly established as the rendezvous of its literators. The selection of this location for the Astor Library forty years ago gave to the neighborhood a character, embryotic, it is true, at that time, but of sufficient distinction to determine the American Bible Society to commence the erection of a building close by to be devoted to the production of its manifold religious works, and the proper care of its grand collection of ancient and mediæval tomes and manuscripts pertaining to the Sacred Text. The corner-stone of the Bible House was laid in 1852 at the intersection of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue. Next, in 1854, came the Mercantile Library Association, and arranged its books within the walls of the old Italian Opera-house, then rechristened and since known as Clinton Hall. Three years later, when Peter Cooper had made the most splendid personal endowment to art, science, and literature that history records, Astor Place was chosen for the front elevation of Cooper Union, and well within the boundaries of this article's limitation. About the same time the Historical Society of New York removed its thousands of volumes and documents to a new fire-proof structure at Stuyvesant Street and Second Avenue, hardly more than a stone's-throw distant from its more modern contemporaries.

In the wake of these institutions followed the "old book man," filling up the odd hallways, areas, and queer little cubby-holes, in which the old-fashioned buildings thereabouts abounded, with his very miscellaneous collections. The booksellers in turn, many of them, deserted the classic (?) shades of old Nassau Street and settled around the Musean temples of Astor Place and vicinity. Then came the publisher, the printer, and the bookbinder, each with his corps of assistants and artisans, and all aiding to establish a literary democracy that embraces all those who have a hand in the writing, making, or selling of books.

When the demolition of Clinton Hall is begun on May 1st, it will scatter to the winds many pleasant memories of the spot that were gathered in the times when it was known as the Italian Opera-house, and the scene of many an operatic and theatrical triumph. It was the favorite resort of wealthy New-Yorkers, who forty years ago lived mostly within a radius of half a mile of the spot, on Lafayette Place, Second Avenue, Broadway, and Washington Square. It was the scene also of the unfortunate "Astor Place riot," on the 9th of May, 1849, when an ignorant mob, dominated by the spirit of "Know-nothingism" then still rife in the popular mind, sought to prevent the appearance of Macready, the English tragedian, who was announced to play *Macbeth* that night. The details of that disgraceful affair have been so often written that it is unnecessary to enter into the story here. The building of the Academy of Music in 1854 terminated the usefulness of the Italian Opera-house as a place of amusement, and the owners, who had built it by subscription in 1847, were glad to dispose of it for the uses of the Mercantile Library Association.

The picturesque old building, with composite columns of brick and terra-cotta entablatures, has been a familiar landmark for more than a generation, and is in striking contrast with the impressive pile to which it is about to give way. The latter will occupy exactly the same space of ground as the former, measuring 159 feet on Eighth Street, 52 feet on Lafayette Place, 149 feet on Astor Place, and 98 feet on the westerly line, parallel with Broadway. It will rise seven stories above the sidewalk to a height of 115 feet, and when completed will be absolutely fire-proof, according to the declaration of the architect, Mr. George E. Harney, of No. 149 Broadway. The walls up to the third story will be of gray Quincy granite, and solid through to the interior; the upper stories to be of dark buff or Holland brick, with supporting buttresses of Belleville or red sandstone, the cornices and trimmings to be also of that stone alternated with terra-cotta; the roof to be flat, entirely of copper and glass, surmounted by an ornate balustrade. The class of architecture will be that of the composite Renaissance.

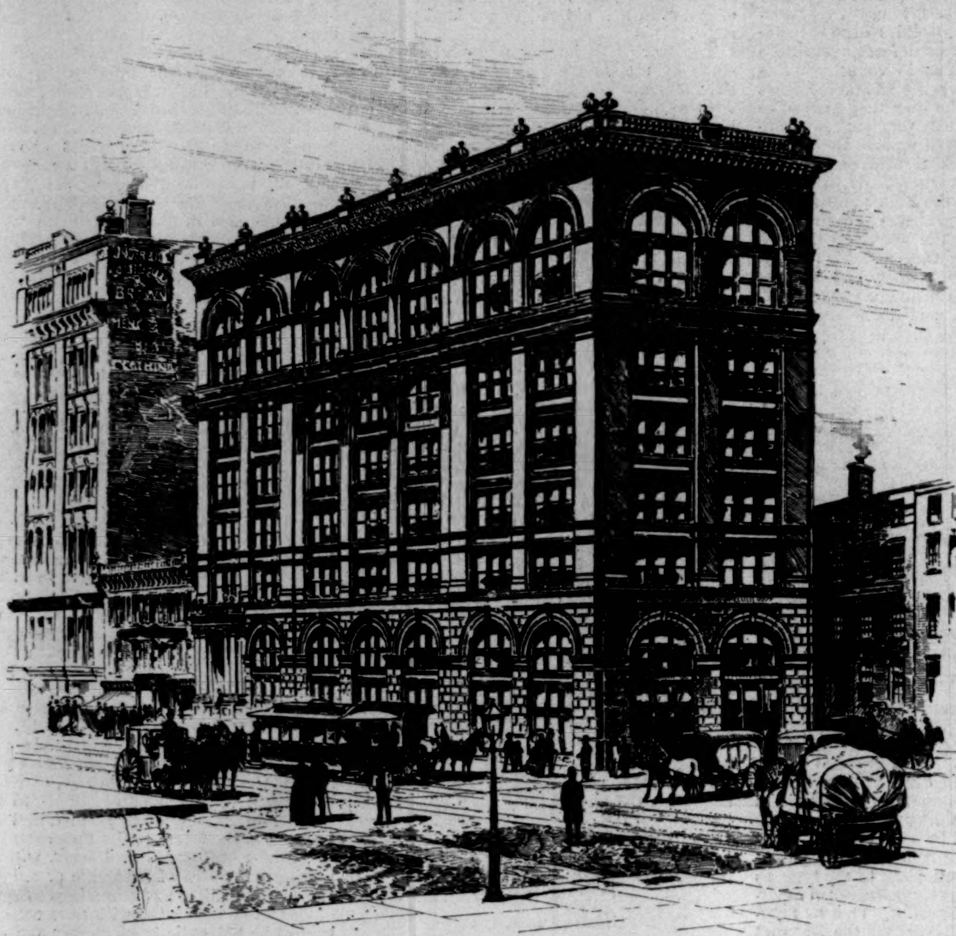
The interior of the building will be finished entirely in hard-woods of various kinds, the stairways will be of iron with stone treads, and the halls will be paved and wainscoted in variegated marbles. The first story, on the street level, is to be occupied as stores; the second, third, fourth, and fifth floors to be rented out for office purposes; and the sixth and seventh floors to be devoted to the uses of the Mercantile Library Association. The building is to be lighted throughout by electricity as well as gas, and provided with two hydraulic elevators. The sixth story will be sixteen feet in height from floor to ceiling, and will be used for the reference library and reading-room, the fittings, furniture, and decorations to be entirely of oak. The main hall of the circulating library will be on the seventh or topmost floor, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high, and lighted on three sides, as well as by an immense skylight that will occupy nearly two-thirds of the roof space; the whole of the ceiling of this story is to be divided into panels by heavily moulded ceiling ribs, the panels to be highly enriched with suitable designs in wood. The room will be fitted with three-story iron galleries running around the four sides, and containing iron book-stacks of the most approved pattern. Private rooms for the officers of the library will be provided on this floor, and the accommodations for cataloguing, a bookbindery, and other necessary departments of a large library will be



BEANS.

"What's that, Seth—not goin' ter raise any beans this year?"

"Not a bean, deacon; an' I kin jes tell ye that if Congress passes that 'ere McKinley bill, which taxes beans nigh onto three hundred per cent., it won't be long before there ain't a railway rest'rant or a Sunday mornin' breakfast in the hull of New England."



THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN.

on the sixth floor. There will be ample space on the shelves for the arrangement of 500,000 books, or more than twice the number now in the library, which is about 230,000 volumes. The architect's estimate of cost of the structure is $450,000.

This will be the Mercantile Library's new and permanent home, or as nearly permanent as any home can be in a city of such multitudinous changes as is New York. In connection with this sketch, an epitome of the library's early history and vicissitudes is both timely and interesting. The Mercantile Library Association was organized in 1820, and arose from the demands of a very obvious public necessity. Young men at that day almost always entered into business life at a comparatively early age, and before they had had time or opportunity to acquire that mental training so absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of any degree of general intelligence. After entering the counting-house or store, the demands of the mercantile customs of that day upon their time rendered it practically impossible for them to receive any further scholastic advantages, and that very important period in a young man's life which is usually denominated "the teens" was usually passed, unless there was some particular influence to draw him out, in apathetic indifference to the cultivation of literary attainments.

Here and there was an individual exception that only served to prove the rule, and the life of the late William E. Dodge was a marked instance where a love of study was so powerful as to rise superior to the ordinary duties and transactions of life; but a large majority of the young men of that day were not so minded; they needed some stimulus to animate any wavering or dormant desire for knowledge that might be within them, and in a large city such as New York even then was, where so many inducements for recreation and amusement existed, these conditions were peculiarly true. The Mercantile Library owes its origin to a desire on the part of a few public-spirited and energetic young men to afford the advantage of a public library and reading-room to themselves and their fellow-clerks in the service of the merchants of the city, thereby furnishing an opportunity, and—by the interest which pride, aroused by example if nothing else, would compel them to take—an incentive to mental cultivation.

Early in the month of November, 1820, William Wood, a young merchant's clerk, who hailed from Canandaigua, New York, posted a notice in the old Tontine Coffee-house, at Wall and Water streets, calling the first public meeting of merchants' clerks for the purpose of considering the expediency of establishing a library and reading-room. This meeting was held on November 9th, and at a subsequent meeting, on the 27th of the same month, a constitution was adopted and officers elected. The library was opened on the 12th of February, 1821, in a single room at No. 49 Fulton Street, and contained at the outset 700 volumes; the subscribers numbered 150. At the end of the first year the volumes had increased to 1000, and the membership to 175.

The early years of the institution were filled with hardships and embarrassments for its projectors. It was indeed an undertaking which required perseverance as well as enthusiasm, and one, too, surrounded with more than ordinary difficulties for a body of individuals without capital, to establish a library of any influence or extent; and to add to this inconvenience, which, however, was anticipated by its founders, there was another which they had not the least idea of meeting. This was the opposition of a large number of the old school of merchants, who, themselves having mostly been satisfied and successful with an education such as is embraced within the limits of the rudimentary "three R's," fancied that the attention of their clerks to the advantages offered by the new library would interfere with the duties exacted by their employment. This narrow-minded notion gave rise to more or less hostility on the part of these merchants toward the new enterprise; but the practical workings of the institution, and the gradual spreading of more liberal and enlightened views, finally overcame this stupid and ridiculous prejudice.

In the year 1825 special efforts were made to increase the library and extend its usefulness. The first printed catalogue was published in this year, and so prosperously were its affairs progressing that by the next year the library had outgrown the old quarters on Fulton Street, and it was removed to more spacious apartments on Cliff Street, in the building owned and partly occupied by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Here also a reading-room was first established, supplied with all the principal American periodicals and newspapers, and some foreign ones. This at once became a very popular feature. In 1827 was commenced a series of lectures on popular educational topics, and continued for a long period of years.

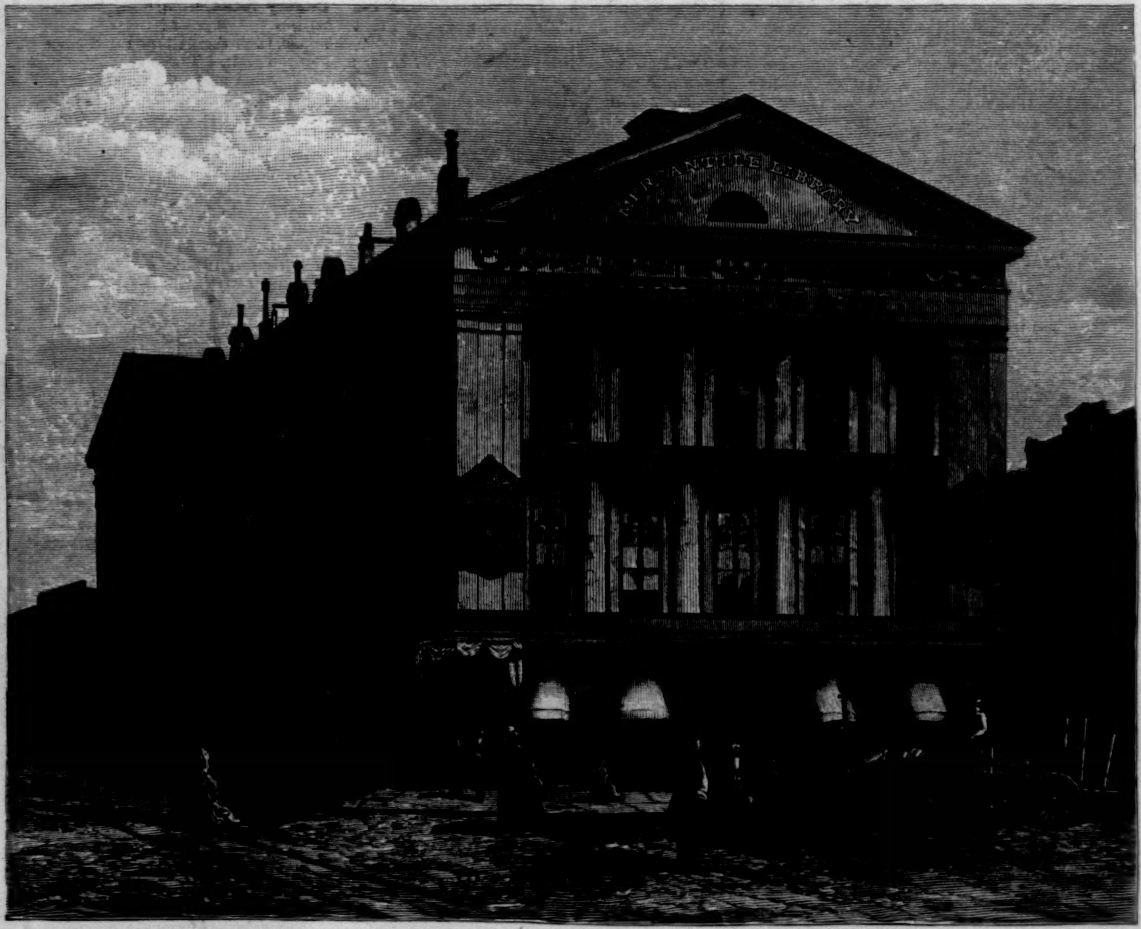
The success of the library as a mutual enterprise had now become assured, and in February, 1828, a number of the broader-minded merchants who felt interested in it met together and agreed to raise by subscription a sum sufficient for the erection of a building suitable for the permanent accommodation of the library. These gentlemen formed themselves into an association, and raised among themselves and friends $33,500 in the course of a year. A plot of ground was purchased at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, now the site of Temple Court and the Nassau Bank, and in 1830 a building was erected, and dedicated on the 2d of November that year, with much ceremony, to science and art. The entire cost of the land and building was about $55,000. The building was called Clinton Hall, in honor of Governor De Witt Clinton, who had made the first donation of books that the library received, and who was also the most popular public man of that day.

This new building was held not in the name of the Mercantile Library Association, but in that of the Clinton Hall Association, which was the name adopted by the company of gentlemen who erected it. These conservative old merchants, after raising the amount necessary for the building's erection, came to the conclusion that it would not be wise to intrust the management of so much real property into the hands of the library officials, as they, according to its charter requirements, being all men holding clerical positions, could not be expected to exercise the best of judgment in the disposal of so large a sum of money. In this belief the Clinton Hall Association was formed, and to this day controls the business affairs of the Mercantile Library Association apart from the management of the library itself. The Clinton Association acts in the relation of guardian or trustee of the Library Association's property interests, the latter being assured of a full and perpetual ownership of the property as effectually as though the titles were in its own corporate name.

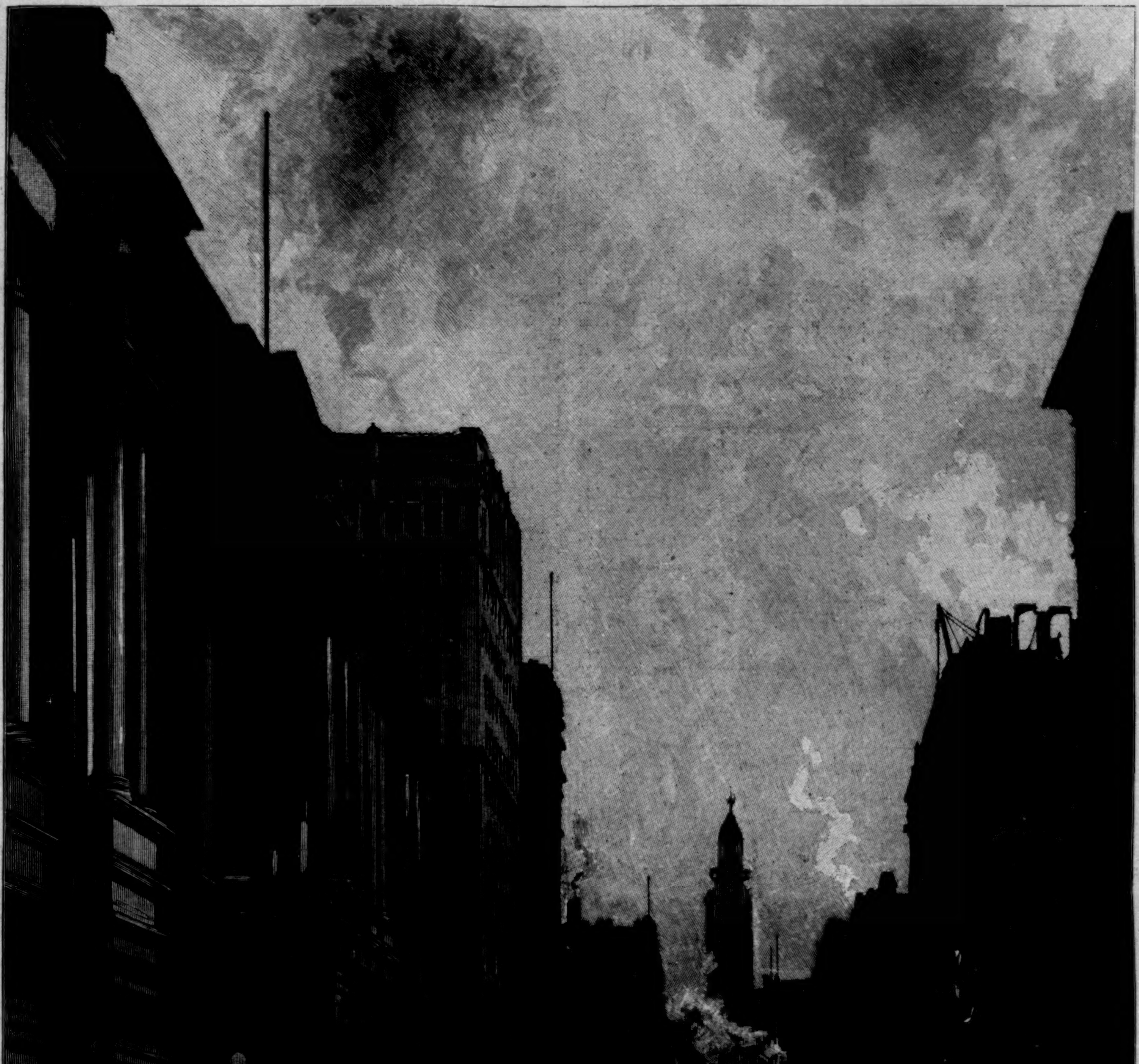
In the new location the library prospered as fully as its most sanguine friends anticipated, and though it labored under some embarrassments of debt, yet the latter was gradually liquidated until the last payment was made in 1852. By this time the growth of the library had rendered the accommodations at Nassau street too limited. A large number of books could not be properly placed upon the shelves, and the reading-room was entirely inadequate for the demands upon it. Early in 1853 steps were taken for the purchase of a new site, and the Italian Opera-house was bought for $140,000. This building required a further outlay of about $100,000 to adapt it to the purpose of a library, and it was in April, 1854, before the first cart-load of books left the old quarters on Nassau Street. The new hall was inaugurated on the 8th of June following, and addresses were delivered by Hon. Horatio Seymour, J. R. Broadhead, the historian, and Hon. Charles King, President of Columbia College.

After the opening of the library in its present location it rapidly extended its sphere of usefulness, until at the present time its subscription list numbers more than five thousand names. The character of its collections of books has always been governed by the needs of the class of people for whose benefit it was originally founded—the employés or clerks of merchants and other business men. In the new building the architect has provided a very liberal amount of renting space without encroaching upon the requirements of the library, and this space, entirely rented, will provide a most handsome income, all of which, above interest charges, etc., will be wholly devoted to the purchase of new books.

SCOTT THOMPSON.



CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK—THE OLD BUILDING AS IT STOOD FOR MANY YEARS.



LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

ACROSS THE STREET.

BY HENRY ERROLL.

I.

"THEN you decline to stay at home with me this evening?"

Graham Hartley hesitated. He disliked being brought to book in this way. "It isn't a question of declining, my love," he said at length. "I have made an engagement I cannot break."

Mrs. Hartley looked her husband full in the face—a somewhat unusual proceeding for her. He noticed vaguely, as a man observes whose mind is full of other things, that she was very pale, and that her lips twitched oddly.

"I ask you to stay," she said.

He shook his head. "Awfully sorry, my dear. I would do anything to oblige you, but I really cannot."

Mrs. Hartley's eyes gleamed strangely as she stood in front of her husband. She opened her lips once or twice as if about to speak, but shut them without any sound coming from them. Finally she moistened them with her tongue before she said, in a dull monotone: "Very well. Go, then."

"How odd you are to-day, Laura!" remarked her husband, looking more closely at her. "Are you sure you are well? Had you not better send for Marshall?"

Mrs. Hartley narrowed her eyelids until they formed almost two straight lines, between which the pupils glittered brightly. She put up one long thin white hand to her mouth, as if conscious of and desirous of hiding its irrepressible and continuous twitching. She paused for a moment before answering, dryly, "I am perfectly well."

"Sure?" said Graham Hartley.

"Perfectly certain," she returned, emphatically, adding, sarcastically: "Pray do not alarm yourself about me. It might spoil your evening."

Mr. Hartley frowned, and reflected for the millionth time since his marriage that he had paid a heavy price for the privilege of conferring his name upon an heiress. He was a philosopher, however, and had long ago made up his mind to eat, drink, and be merry in spite of the drawbacks of his marital existence. It is certainly not very agreeable to have a skeleton in the cupboard at home, but even a skeleton is bearable when it dangles in its bony hand a long, almost limitless purse. So a smile quickly succeeded the frown, and he answered pleasantly, pretending to take his wife's speech as literally meant:

"Why, of course it would. And now, my love, I must be off; it is later than I thought. *Au revoir.*"

He stepped up to her as if to embrace her, but she turned coldly from him, saying, "Good-by."

"No, not good-by," he laughed—"*au revoir*. I am not starting on a journey."

"I dislike French phrases," she said, frigidly; "they are foolish."

"Well," he rejoined, still keeping his temper admirably, not without mentally patting himself on the back for doing so, "just as you like. Let us say good-night, then, instead. Good-night, my dear Laura."

She suffered him to touch her forehead with his lips, but did not return his "good-night."

She stood in the middle of the room listening until she heard the front door shut; then she lifted her right hand, and gazed intently, and as it were inquiringly, into its palm. Presently she wheeled round, with a little jarring laugh, which echoed oddly in the great lofty drawing-room, and going up to the fireplace, looked at her own reflection in the looking-glass above it.

She saw a thin, high-cheek-boned face, to which a mass of fashionably curled and arranged auburn hair could impart neither softness nor relief. The bony, narrow forehead bulged out in uncompromising ugliness; the nose was as sharp as a knife; the upper lip too long, and, as well as its fellow, too thin; the chin startlingly square. The one redeeming feature of the face was the eyes, which were fairly large, and of that true clear blue often seen with auburn hair. But even these were rendered peculiar-looking by the eyebrows and lashes, which were dark brown; whether naturally so, or rendered so by art, it was impossible to determine. They looked back at their owner now with a curious expression, half of dislike, half of cunning; then they lingered long and scrutinizingly on each successive feature, and finally returned to themselves again with a confidential sneer.

"Beautiful!" muttered Mrs. Hartley. "Quite too lovely!"

She turned away from the glass, and moved to the door. Arrived there, she stopped, and faced about. She looked all round the room; at her favorite chair, with her own special table beside it, on which, lying open, was the last new novel; at the writing-table, sacred to herself; at the large cage full of singing-birds, her particular hobby; at the two little low chairs belonging to her two children; at the various richly covered sofas, lounges, and chairs; the lovely hot-house flowers, sent up only that morning from their place in Devonshire—her gaze rested upon all these, travelled slowly from one to the other. When her survey was complete, she spread out both her hands, palms downward, as if with a gesture of farewell, and then, with a slow nodding of her head two or three times, she opened the door, shut it behind her, and began to mount the stairs.

Up three flights she climbed, pausing every now and then to take breath, until she arrived at the top of the house and stood opposite a door from behind which proceeded merry childish voices and laughter. Twice she put out her hand to the handle, and twice it fell by her side. The third time she opened the door, and entered the room. There was an instant cessation of the laughter which had sounded so gayly, and the two little girls stopped short in their game of running round the table after each other, and stood looking at her with doubtful faces. In another moment the younger had trotted up to her nurse, and hidden her curly head in her lap; the elder made a quick movement as though she would have liked to follow her, but thought better of it, and held her ground, glancing shyly at her mother.

The nurse, who was a middle-aged woman of peculiarly benignant and mother-like aspect, rose, trying to lift up the face of the little girl, who clung tightly to her.

"I get a warm welcome, do I not, nurse?" said Mrs. Hartley, looking from one to the other of her children with a bitter smile.

"They're a little shy, ma'am," answered the woman, apologetically, casting a quick but troubled glance at her mistress's face. "Come, Miss Dolly, don't be a baby. Lift up your head, and go and speak to mother. Miss Marion, what do you stand like that for?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, nurse," interposed Mrs. Hartley. "Never mind. If it was their father, they would behave differently."

"Is father in?" asked little Marion, quickly; and even Dolly looked out from behind nurse's apron to hear the answer.

"No, he is not," answered their mother, icily; and both little faces fell.

"You are not looking well, ma'am," said the nurse, anxiously.

"Oh, I am very well—very well indeed, nurse, thank you," returned Mrs. Hartley, with a laugh. "I am going out now, so I will say good-night."

"Good-night, mother," both childish voices said, with a quite audible sound of relief in them.

"Good-night, Marion. Good-night, Dolly," said Mrs. Hartley, gravely, kissing each rosy cheek lightly. "Good-night, nurse." And she was gone.

Before she had reached the bottom of the first flight she paused and listened. The little feet were flying again, and peal after peal of gay laughter rang out. She smiled a hard smile, and passed on down stairs to her own bedroom. Here she found her maid, a grim-visaged Swiss woman, putting out her mistress's dinner dress.

"I shall not need that, Suzanne," said Mrs. Hartley. "I am not going to dress this evening. I am going out presently. You can go now. I will dress myself."

Accustomed to her mistress's changeful moods, the woman said, "Bien, madame," and left the room.

Mrs. Hartley took out a bonnet and cloak, and put them on. She unlocked a drawer, whence she extracted a black bag, rather larger than a lady's ordinary hand-bag, and apparently already full. With this in her hand, she gave a comprehensive look round the room, and then quietly proceeded down stairs to the hall. Here the footman, seeing his mistress's out-door attire, opened the hall door without any visible expression of surprise on his countenance, but inwardly wondering what was to become of dinner.

"I shall not be home to dinner," said Mrs. Hartley, answering his unspoken thought; and without another word she stepped out into the twilight, and walked away down the street.

Between two and three that night Mr. Hartley inserted his key in the lock of his house and opened the door, marvelling as he did so to notice that the lights in the hall were still burning, contrary to his orders, for he liked to find the household in bed and asleep when he returned, as he very often did, in the small hours of the morning.

The first object that met his eyes on entering was the pallid face of the footman, behind whom towered the stately form of the butler, both men staring at their master as though he were some apparition from the nether world at least.

"What does this mean?" said Mr Hartley, irritably. "What are you doing here?"

The footman fell back, making way for his chief, who, advancing a step or two, said, in an impressive tone, so low as to be almost a whisper,

"If you please, sir, we are waiting for Mrs. Hartley."

"For Mrs. Hartley?" repeated Mr. Graham Hartley in astonishment—"for Mrs. Hartley? Is your mistress out, then?"

"Yes, sir," returned the butler, glancing expressively at the footman. "Mrs. Hartley went out at about half past six this—last evening, and has not yet returned."

"She had the carriage, of course?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Hartley went on foot, alone."

"Was she dressed for the evening?"

"No, sir; she was in morning dress."

Graham Hartley leaned up against the hall table and stared at his servants. "Is Suzanne up?" he asked presently.

"Oui, monsieur, me voici," said the voice of the maid, its owner showing herself at the head of the stairs, followed by the children's nurse, who wore a less excited but more troubled expression than the other servants.

"Oh, Rogers, are you there?" said Mr. Hartley, in a tone of relief. "What do you think of this? Did you see your mistress before she went out?"

"Yes, sir," answered the nurse, "I did. Mrs. Hartley came to the nursery and said good-night to the children. She said she was going out—to a dinner party I supposed, although I was surprised that I had heard nothing about it."

Suzanne next told how Mrs. Hartley had come at the usual dressing hour to her room, and had sent her away, saying she was going out, and would dress herself.

Graham Hartley thought for a few minutes, while the servants before him, all but the nurse, stared hard at him, as if to read his thoughts. Then he said, "Just come into the dining-room a moment, Rogers," and led the way into the still lighted room, the nurse following.

Mr. Hartley shut the door, and walked to the other end of the long, sombrely furnished apartment before he asked, in a low voice, "Did you see anything odd in your mistress's manner when she came up to the nursery, Rogers?"

"Yes, sir, I did," the nurse answered, without hesitation. "Mrs. Hartley seemed very strange, almost as she was for so long after—after Miss Dolly was born. She reminded me very much of—of her poor mamma, sir."

"Ah!" said Graham Hartley, drawing in his breath sharply. "I never thought of that. She was—curious—in her manner to me just before I went out, but I thought it was only because she was vexed with me for going. What do you think about it, Rogers?"

"I hardly know, sir," answered the nurse, averting her eyes.

"Did she take any of her jewels—any money with her? Let us go up and see."

Together with Suzanne they went to Mrs. Hartley's room, and made a cursory examination of her things. The maid pronounced that nothing had been moved. Her mistress's keys, which she generally kept in her pocket, were lying on the dressing-table, together with her watch, which had her initials in brilliants on the back; the bracelets she had worn that day were beside them; even her brooch was not missing.

"Madame must have taken off these all after I left her," said Suzanne. "She have taken her black plush mantle and velvet bonnet, but have not change her dress."

Graham Hartley wrote down at the maid's dictation a description of his wife's apparel, and having asked a few more questions, but failed to elicit any further information, he buttoned his coat, and set forth in the chill gray morning light to begin the search for the missing woman—a search which was to be long and fruitless, for from that hour to the day of his death Graham Hartley never once set eyes on his wife again.

In vain was a reward—larger perhaps than had ever been known before—offered; in vain were the most renowned and intelligent detectives, men whom hitherto no enigma had been profound enough to baffle, employed; Mrs. Hartley had vanished into the night, and was never found.

One strange fact came to light, and, although it offered no elucidation of the mystery, it seemed to point to premeditation, and weaken the theory of suicide, which was the one to which most of those who had known Mrs. Hartley clung most tenaciously. Graham Hartley found that his wife had in the space of the last two months drawn out from her own private account at the bank a sum amounting to between three and four thousand pounds. This money had presumably disappeared with her; at all events, there were no signs of it to be found. The notes in which it had been paid out were easily traced, and had evidently all been changed before her disappearance, so that they afforded no clew, to the great disappointment of the detectives, who, on first hearing of the money, were highly elated, promising themselves a speedy handling of the reward.

The search was kept up for a long time, but with, as we have said, absolutely no results, and at last it fell off gradually, until it ceased altogether. Mrs. Hartley was gone, and her husband stood in the unenviable position of a deserted husband—a widower, and yet unfreed from the bonds of wedlock. As the years went on he regained his old elasticity of temper, and settled down to enjoy his life as before. His wife's immense fortune was administered by him in trust for his children, to whom he proved a kind and considerate guardian, and by whom he was passionately beloved. The mystery that overshadowed his wife's fate troubled him at times. No one knew as he did that his conscience could not altogether acquit him of selfishness and negligence toward the unfortunate woman who had given him her all; he regretted many things, now that it was too late, but his just self-reproach bore, at all events, some good fruit. It awoke in him a real consciousness of the duty he owed his worse than motherless children, and he faithfully strove to fulfil that duty to the uttermost, and was all the better man for it.

The devoted Rogers, who had been with Mrs. Hartley's mother, remained with the two little girls, both of whom she loved most tenderly; a widowed sister of Graham Hartley's came to keep his house for him; governesses and masters were busily employed in moulding the two childish minds; the house went on the smoothly oiled wheels of wealth, only the owner of it all was absent; and so the years rolled on.

II.

The street in South Kensington in which Mr. Hartley's large and handsome house stood resembled many others in the same neighborhood in this respect, that while one side of it was entirely occupied by houses spacious enough to be deservedly called mansions, on the other side were to be seen erections of a far humbler type, dating back to the days when the whole street was a regular small shopping thoroughfare, before some enterprising builder, foreseeing the tide of fashion, had bought up the available ground, and had erected the huge buildings which, when completed, were snapped up without delay. Directly opposite the Hartleys' front door, with its two wide tiled steps and smart brass knocker, handles, and letter-box, were two or three humble shops, which had always been there as far back as any one could remember, and which still held bravely on, although their custom and importance were not what they had once been. There was a small stationer, whose principal stock in trade consisted of pen-holders and penny account-books, the latter much fly-blown by dint of long-continued exposure in the window; a still smaller milliner, who, from making head-coverings for the "nobility and gentry," as set forth upon her cards, had come down to supplying Sunday hats and even mob-caps to the young ladies in domestic service of the immediate neighborhood, and spent her spare time, which meant a good many hours in each week, in bewailing the glories of the past; and, finally, between these two, a dairy, the most flourishing establishment of the three.

"Charles Soutar, established 1790," was the legend which ran in bold gilt letters over the door, and though the original Charles, as might have been expected, had long since been gathered to his fathers, there had been since him two other Charleses, and the shop was still kept by the fourth, the great-grandson of the first. Such an unblemished and respectable pedigree augured well, to those who knew anything about it, for the pure and unadulterated quality of the milk sold by its owners, and no one who entered the shop, either to open an account or to pay a bill, was allowed to go away without having been made acquainted with the ramifications of the family tree as far back as 1790. Old Mrs. Charles Soutar, mother of the present Charles, still sat at the desk which she had occupied for the last forty years, since the death of her mother-in-law, the present Charles's grandmother, and she it was whose pride and pleasure consisted in detailing the antiquity of her late husband's family and business. She was a wonderful old lady, still erect and hale, although she had passed her seventieth year, writing a hand as neat as copperplate, and possessing a supreme contempt for everybody and everything belonging to the present degenerate generation, beginning with the "new-fangled" servant-girls, and ending with her daughter-in-law.

For Charles had no intention or desire of being the last of his glorious line, and had taken to himself Maria Jane, the daughter of Biggs the stationer next door. Charles was a domestic man, as all the Charles Soutars had been; he did not like to wander far from home, not even in search of a wife. At an early age he had cast a discriminating eye upon Maria Jane, who, for her part, although she could not help thinking that the shopman at the grocer's in the Brompton Road was a far more modern and smarter young man than Charles, was by no means blind to the very solid advantages offered by the latter, and agreed to be his without much hesitation.

Old Mrs. Soutar had accepted her new relative with philosophic resignation. She knew that Charles must marry, and Maria Jane was, if no great shakes, as she put it, at all events no worse than others. So Charles brought his young wife home, after a fortnight at Brighton, the greatest period of dissipation in his life either before or after, and in due time the new Mrs. Charles justified the expectant hopes placed in her, and presented the dairy and her husband with a very lively and highly colored little baby, who was forthwith christened Charles, the fifth of his name. Having done her duty, Mrs. Charles should now, in due order of events, have divided her efforts between the keeping of her house, the rating of her maid of all work, and the serving of customers in the dairy. But she did nothing of the kind. She mapped out an entirely new and original path for herself, and spent the next eight or ten years in making quite uncalled-for and unwelcome additions to the family. She had twins the year after the necessary heir was born, a little girl after that, next a boy, then twins again, and so on, until Charles Soutar found himself, to his consternation, at the head of a hungry, all-devouring family of ten. Shortly after the birth of the seventh child old Mrs. Soutar gave up her post at the desk and died, some said of indignation at her daughter-in-law's undutiful and unprecedented behavior, and her bedroom was eagerly seized upon, for sleeping accommodation had become precious in the little house.

His mother's death was a great blow to Charles. It was as if the last of the old brave Soutars had vanished, leaving him to struggle on alone with aliens. For the present Mrs. Charles had altogether gone to pieces. Worn out by the pains and trials of maternity, wading always, as it were, in a perpetual sea of children, and with the additional discomfort of feeling that she was looked upon as a disappointing failure, she had become a faded, slatternly woman, alternately tearful and snappish, with a weak back and a disastrous liking for a "drop of comfort." She was of no use to Charles in the business. He was obliged to keep the books himself until his eldest son or daughter should be old enough to relieve him of that care. He missed the confidential chats with his mother about their affairs, never realizing until she was gone from him how shrewd and hard-headed the old lady had been. To add to his troubles, business began to fall off, just at the time when he needed every penny. A huge dairy, conducted on "strictly sanitary" principles, with a speciality for asses' milk, was established just round the corner, and tempted away many families with its alluring prospectuses, gorgeous premises, and smart Swiss milkmaids' costumes. The book-keeping grew less and less onerous every month, until at last Charles could have found it in his heart to thank Heaven for having removed his old mother in time.

Something had to be done, so Charles plainly acknowledged to himself. But what? One might as well ask a cedar of Lebanon, rooted for centuries on its lonely mountain, to come down and turn itself into a cocoa-nut palm on the plain as expect a Charles Soutar to abandon his dairy and strike out some new and less hopelessly well-beaten path for himself. He *could* be nothing but a dairyman—there, in the home of his fathers, York Place, South Kensington. After much counsel, taken with a brother of his mother's, who kept a flourishing pork-butcher's shop on the Brompton Road, he sadly came to the resolution to put his pride in his pocket—there was, alas! plenty of room for it in his pocket—to sacrifice his best parlor and the bedroom behind it—his "drawing-room floor," in fact—and to take in lodgers.

His wife remonstrated loudly. Her family had never done it; her drawing-room was the one comfort of her life, and little enough she had, goodness knew! Who was going to cook for the lodgers? Who was to wait on them and do for them? But though Charles was gentle, and preferred as a rule to give in, this time he held firm, and the fatal card, framed and glazed, with "Apartments" on it, appeared in the dairy window in close proximity to the golden cow which had stood there for the best part of a century, and which was the most precious heirloom of the Soutar family.

The card had been there some two months, and Charles Soutar was beginning to think that he had better look about him for some other method of mending his fortunes, when one morning in late October, as he was ruefully contemplating his ledger, a lady entered his shop and asked if she could see the apartments. She was a widow, attired in the very deepest mourning, of plain quality, her face being almost invisible beneath the thick crape veil which hung over it.

Charles Soutar sprang to his feet with alacrity, and was just going to call to his wife, when he reflected that Maria Jane was never fit to be seen in the morning, and that a view of her, untidy and dishevelled, might not increase his visitor's enthusiasm for the lodgings. He therefore whispered to Charles the Fifth, who had now reached the useful age of ten, to run and warn his ma to tidy herself a bit, and then to come back and mind the shop while he himself took the lady up stairs.

"There is a private door at the side of the shop, you will notice, madam," he said; "it would not be necessary for you to pass through the shop, although now we can go this way, if you will kindly follow me."

He walked slowly up stairs to the first floor, and threw open the door of the drawing-room. "This is the sitting-room," he observed; "a pleasant, airy room."

The lady gave a quick glance round. "This will do very well," she said. "And the bedroom?"

Mr. Soutar opened the bedroom door, and drew modestly back to allow the lady to enter alone.

She just crossed the threshold, and looked round. "This is all right too," she said, in the same abrupt way. "Your terms?"

Charles Soutar bashfully mentioned his terms.

"Very well; I will take the rooms. I shall come in to-day. I must be perfectly undisturbed and quiet in them. I shall not give much trouble, and if I am comfortable, shall stay for a long time."

Mr. Soutar, who was inwardly trembling with excited pleasure, was heard to murmur something about "references."

"I have just arrived from Australia, and know no one in London," answered the lady, sharply. "I will pay you a month in advance instead."

This arrangement suiting Mr. Soutar very well, the lady pulled out her purse and gave him four weeks' rent on the spot—a proceeding which appeared to him eminently satisfactory and promising.

At the door the widow turned and said: "My name is Harrison—Mrs. Harrison. I shall return in about an hour."

"Very good, madam," returned Mr. Soutar, and stood at the door a minute or so watching the tall cloaked figure walk away before he ran up stairs, calling, "Maria! Maria!"

His wife appeared at the head of the first flight, buttoning up the body of her dress as she descended. She received the glad tidings with a supercilious air, which, however, somewhat softened down when her husband jingled the money in his pocket and presented her with a sovereign for herself.

"She's sure to be an old cat," she said, gloomily.

"Not at all, my love—not at all," replied the gentle Charles. "She is quite the lady—quite."

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Soutar. "I shall go in and tell pa about it."

"Would it not be better to get the rooms ready first, my dear?" her husband suggested. "Mrs. Harrison said she would arrive in about an hour."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Soutar, indignantly. "My slavery has begun. Get the rooms ready, indeed! I'm not going to demean myself to no such thing. Bessy can do what's wanted. *I* am going in to see my pa."

Mr. Charles retired to his ledger, saying to himself that if this was the way Maria Jane intended to go on, the long time their new lodger had spoken of staying with them would be considerably shortened.

Mrs. Harrison arrived in due course, with one large trunk and a few smaller packages. When the concealing bonnet and veil were laid aside, she proved to be a middle-aged woman, with black hair plentifully streaked with gray, eyes which seemed to be blue behind a pair of spectacles, strongly marked eyebrows, and a thin-lipped mouth. A woman who had seen trouble, Charles Soutar decided, and also a woman who could take care of herself. She arranged her belongings quickly, with the air of one entirely indifferent to external surroundings, ordered a frugal tea with a boiled egg, and spent the afternoon, so far as the curious Bessy could report to her mistress, sitting in the arm-chair by the window, with a book on her knee.

She turned out to be the very quietest, most easily satisfied of lodgers, paying promptly and without discussion, never complaining of the cooking, which nevertheless left a good deal to be desired, never giving unnecessary trouble. She asked for a latch-key, and went out a good deal at uncertain times, sometimes staying at home for weeks together, at others going out in the daytime or in the evening, and coming home very late.

Mrs. Soutar, as curious as her servant, attempted at first to be what she called "chatty" with her lodger, but her efforts were received so coldly, and with so discouraging a stare of the blue eyes behind the spectacles, that she beat an ignominious retreat, and was obliged to content herself with uttering dark hints to Bessy in the kitchen.

Months changed into years, the ten children grew apace, Charles Soutar became bald, Maria Jane more and more lax in her attire, and still Mrs. Harrison remained an inmate of the little house in York Place. She had not changed in any particular, her smooth hair covered by the widow's cap was not one whit grayer, her mourning was as profound as ever, even to the dismal veil on her bonnet, without which she never stirred abroad.

She might have lived with the Soutars only a week or so for any progress in intimacy she had made with them. They knew just as much, or just as little, about her as on the first day, and she, on her side, never troubled to address a single question to either her landlord, her landlady, or any one of the ten scions of the house. She had arranged to have her provisions purchased for her, and was satisfied with everything.

At first conjecture was rife as to the mystery of this stern-faced widow, who led so lonely a life, who received no letters, and who appeared so absolutely indifferent to everybody and everything; but as time went on, the Soutars' lodger became as much an institution as the Soutars themselves, and people ceased to occupy themselves in so profitless a manner.

Had any one taken the trouble to interest themselves in Mrs. Harrison's movements, they would have been utterly at a loss to understand them.

As soon as Bessy had cleared her breakfast things away every morning, the widow rose and locked the door of her sitting-room. Then she arranged the white curtain of her window so that she could see from it and not be seen herself, and from nine o'clock to her dinner hour at two she sat at the window, her eyes fixed steadily on the opposite side of the street. If there was any movement at the windows of Mr. Hartley's house, or if the front door opened to admit or to give exodus to any person, quick as lightning went up a powerful opera-glass which she held ready in her hand. In the afternoon it was the same thing: so long as the light lasted she would sit in the window and watch the house. By-and-by she acquired a trick of muttering to herself: her own voice perhaps served to keep her company, although at times she would start at its sound and look round furtively, as if to assure herself that she had no listener.

When the little girls who lived opposite, Dolly and Marion Hartley, came out with their nurse or their governess, the woman watching opposite would catch her breath, and with starting eyes would crane her neck to see them as long as possible. Sometimes, but not very often, she would catch up her widow's bonnet and long cloak and hurry after them, keeping at a good distance from them, but occasionally approaching near enough to hear them speak, but never turning round to look in their faces.

In the evenings she would open the window of her sitting-room, and sit there watching for Mr. Hartley to come out. He generally took a hansom, and standing on the splash-board as he got in, would give his directions to the cabman in his full, cheery voice, every word of which could, as a rule, be heard across the quiet street. The cab would drive off, and presently Mrs. Harrison would put on her things, and would make her way, either on foot or by the more humble omnibus, in the direction which the hansom had taken. Arrived there, she would, with untiring patience, wait about, sometimes for hours, until Graham Hartley came out; then she would either follow him, if he went on foot, or get near enough again to his hansom to hear the address of his next destination, to which she would instantly proceed. In this manner she would stalk the unconscious man for many hours; for Graham Hartley had always been essentially a night-bird, and had not changed his habits since his wife's sudden disappearance. When, at length, they turn their steps homeward—the gay man of pleasure and the sombrely attired widow—Mrs. Harrison was often almost dropping with fatigue. Mr. Hartley in his cab would reach his domicile a long while before his watcher's weary feet could bear her to her humble home opposite. She would slip into the Soutars' house as quietly as a mouse, would glide up stairs, and locking herself into her bedroom, would often throw herself fully dressed upon her bed, and sink almost immediately into the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

There were nights, however, when she allowed Graham Hartley to pursue his giddy course unattended; and then, when she had taken no exercise all day, she found it impossible to sleep at night. As evening came on she would leave her window, and begin to pace up and down her sitting-room, her lips twitching, working, often uttering undistinguishable words, her eyes gleaming, glowing with a strange feverish inward light, looking in the twilight like those of an irritated tigress, her thin hands tightly locked behind her back. One of her favorite occupations at all times was to gaze at herself in the little gilt-framed glass over the mantelpiece; she would stand and gaze—without her spectacles—at her own face, always with the same half-piteous, half-contemptuous expression. Unhappy she certainly was, but no tear ever dimmed her eyes. She was always grim, hard, self-contained.

Although she paid her way with the utmost regularity, she lived with economy. The Soutars were honest, and did not overcharge her. She was a very small eater, so that her weekly bills were far from large, and she was as frugal as possible in her dress. She never went near a bank, and, as has been said, received no letters, so that the money she spent from year to year must have been in her own possession. This, however, the Soutars could not know, for she might easily have gone to draw her dividends when she went out.

So the years rolled on, the motherless girls opposite growing into fair and lovely blossoms, prettier far than their mother had ever been. Mr. Hartley, who was now past middle age, began to sober down a little, and to be proud to take out his two pretty daughters. The widow who lived opposite used to grind her teeth and clinch her hands when she saw them all three setting off together for a ride or drive, the girls chattering with affectionate freedom to their stalwart, still handsome father. Mrs. Harrison did not have to take her night journeys so often now; Mr. Hartley staid at home with his daughters, and sounds of music and singing often floated across the street and reached the ears of the watcher. Mrs. Harrison slept very badly at these times; she was obliged to have almost nightly recourse to a certain small bottle which she kept locked up in her toilet-table drawer.

Then there came a day when the drawing-rooms were shut up, when the doctor's carriage stopped twice daily before the door, and when the footman was kept constantly going to the chemist's. Scarlet-fever, Mrs. Harrison was told it was, when, relaxing for once her usual reticence, she inquired of Bessy's successor if she knew what was the matter in the house opposite.

"The two young ladies and one of the servants has got it bad, they say."

Mrs. Harrison shivered, and went back to her window, which she never left, except to take food, for many days after. At last, one bright sunny morning in June, all the blinds in the house were pulled down, and a day or two later an open hearse drew up at the door, and the widow started from her chair, and, forgetting her usual prudence, pressed her face close to the pane. Presently a coffin, covered from head to foot with wreaths and crosses of flowers, was carried out, and in a few minutes the mournful procession started, Graham Hartley, his face all white and drawn, in the first of the long file of carriages.

Mrs. Harrison fell on her knees, and pressed her head into the sofa cushions. "Which? Which?" she muttered. "Dolly or Marion?"

She might have asked the servant, who was sure to know, but she did not. She ate nothing that day nor the next, but kept her watch, her blue eyes staring over the way with a blind look in them, as if they scarcely saw.

For four long weary weeks she sat there, immovable as a statue, and then one morning there was an evident bustle in the house. The victoria drew up to the door, and the eager eyes opposite saw a thin, pale, changed form feebly descend the steps, leaning on Graham Hartley's arm, and enter the carriage.

"Dolly!" murmured Mrs. Harrison. "It was Marion that went."

A week or two afterward the Hartleys went out of town, and the house was shut up. It was always closed during the summer, the family going down to their place in Devonshire. During those months of absence, her occupation gone, Mrs. Harrison was in the habit of taking long rambles, walking on and on without ever glancing to the right or left, often muttering to herself in a way that made people as they passed her smile significantly, and sometimes turn their heads to look after her.

In the beginning of November the house was reopened, and Mr. Hartley and his daughter, who, beyond a certain fragility of appearance, retained no trace of her severe illness, came back to town, and the widow re-established herself in her old position. It was not long before her observant eyes noticed that the Hartleys had made a new acquaintance. A young, soldierly looking man of about twenty-eight came constantly to the house. Soon he began to ride and drive with Dolly and her father, and even the crossing sweep at the corner drew the inevitable conclusions, and began to look forward to a wedding and a possible tip for himself.

When she was sure, when she had read it in the beaming eyes of the girl and the tender glances of the young man, Mrs. Harrison forthwith fell into a strange state of excitement. She wandered up and down in her room, muttering, and sometimes letting a hard dry laugh escape from between her parched, thin lips.

"She too," she would murmur—"is she to go the same way too? All joy in life and love, all faith to be crushed out of her too? Is she to be slowly martyred for her money's sake, as her mother was?"

From that day the widow began her nocturnal wanderings again. Only this time it was not Graham Hartley, but young Sir Harry Courtenay that was her object. It was not so easy for her to dog his footsteps, for he lived in chambers in St. James's Street, and was exceedingly erratic in his movements. No sleuth-hound, however, could have shown greater aptitude. She seemed inspired with a patience and *flair* almost amounting to genius. It was not long before she acquired the certainty that the young baronet led as loose a life as his prospective father-in-law had done in those by-gone years before and after he had married an heiress.

Sir Harry's afternoons were given to the courting of the fair, gentle girl who believed him to be the most gallant and chivalrous of gentlemen. Fresh from her innocent kisses, he would go, smiling and serene, to spend the nights in orgies with men who did not know the name of honor, and with women who pressed their painted mouths on the very spot sanctified by his betrothed's pure lips. He was steeped in debt, and only kept his creditors at bay by the prospect of the wealthy marriage he was on the point of making. He was too corrupted, too blasé, for it to be possible for him to feel genuine love for the simple, unaffected little Dolly. His palate craved for caviare and Kümmel, not for strawberries and cream.

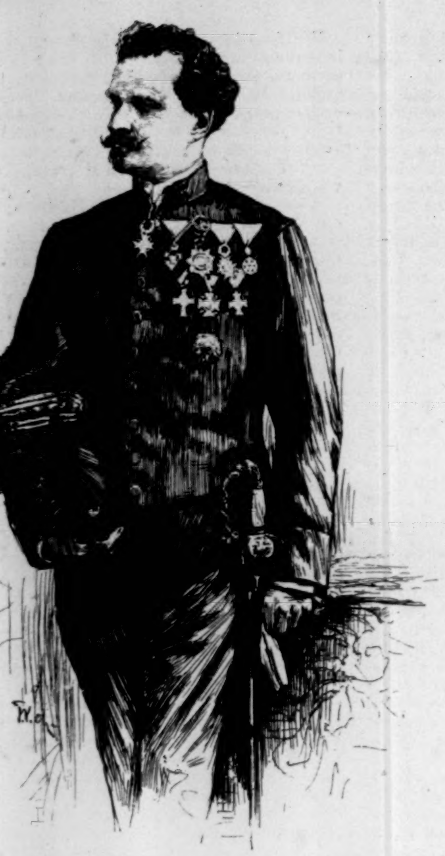
All this Mrs. Harrison, with a certain sad experience of her own to guide her, learned and quickly understood. Every day she grew more and more sombre. The fatigue of her detective business told upon her in a startling way: she grew thin to emaciation; her eyes shone large and with a feverish brilliancy in her almost livid face. Tired as she was when she reached home at night, she would sometimes pace her room for a long time, muttering to herself, even occasionally speaking almost audibly. She became, if possible, more reserved than ever, not even now exerting herself to return an answer to any casual remark or question that might be made to her. Mrs. Soutar, prompted by her husband, urged her to see a doctor, as she was sure that she could not be well, but was met by so fierce a refusal that she beat a hasty retreat.

Presently the house opposite began to show preparations for the approaching event. Dress-makers and card-board boxes of all sizes were constantly arriving; Dolly was always going into town on mysterious expeditions, returning with the carriage full of parcels; Mr. Hartley went about with a sleek and well-satisfied air; Sir Harry continued to present himself, handsome, smiling, dressed to perfection, without a hint of the tiger's claw hidden beneath the courtly, good-natured exterior; and meanwhile he continued his other life as merrily as ever, taking care that no whisper of his doings ever reached his *fiancée's* father's ears.

Two days before his wedding Sir Harry emerged at three o'clock one morning from a certain house in a shady street well known by him and his compeers. He came out with another man, who said, as they shut the door behind them:

"Well, ta-ta, old chap. I'm off this way. By-the-bye, I suppose we shall hardly meet again before you are a blissful Benedict. What a good boy you've got to be now, by Jove! Ha! ha!" and he laughed, without any sound of mirth in his voice.

Sir Harry laughed too. "Not a bit of it,"



EDWARD STRAUSS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 346.]

he said, gayly. "My marriage won't make any difference; only a fool does that. My motto is, enjoy yourself all you can and as long as you can. Good-night, old boy, and to our next merry meeting."

He turned on his heel, and went whistling softly up the street. It was not light yet, and there was a faint white mist, which, although not very thick, prevented the sight from reaching far. Sir Harry shivered, buttoned his overcoat, and walked more briskly. It was not long before he reached his chambers—the rooms in which his bachelor life had so gayly run its course, and which he was so soon to leave for good. The house had a deep porch, formed by the out-jutting balcony of the first floor. At this hour the outer door was shut and the house-keeper asleep in bed; but Sir Harry had his latch-key, which he now drew from his pocket, and stooping a little, for both hand and eye were unsteady, inserted it in the lock. As he opened the door and straightened himself, he was aware of a slight noise behind him. Before he had time to look round there was a flash of steel, an awful moment of pain, and Sir Harry Courtenay lay upon the threshold, his heart's blood welling out fast from the ghastly wound which a well-nerved and well-aimed hand had given him.

That morning all York Street, South Kensington, was astir and agog. News had come to the great house opposite the dairy that Sir Harry Courtenay, who was well known in the street, and admired for his good looks and *bonhomie*, had been found murdered at his own door. It was whispered that the police already had a clew, and the word "jealousy" flew from mouth to mouth, until presently everybody knew that the deceased baronet had met his death at the hands of a young lady whom he had jilted for Miss Dolly Hartley. As if this were not sufficient excitement for the street, about twelve o'clock Mrs. Soutar came down with a white face into the dairy, and whispered something to her husband, who, like everybody else in York Street, was standing in the doorway gazing hard at the house opposite. Charles the Fifth rushed out, to return accompanied by a doctor, whose disappearance into the Soutars' house turned the tide of public attention to the dairy. After half an hour the doctor emerged, and then the already excited neighbors learned that Mrs. Harrison, the Soutars' widow lodger, was lying dead on her bed upstairs.

York Street had something to talk about for the next few days. First there was the departure of the Hartleys—for Italy, the servants said—Dolly very pale and sad, clad in deep mourning, and Mr. Hartley looking aged and worn by his child's sorrow.

Then there was the coroner's inquest on the body of the unknown woman in the Soutars' house. The verdict was quickly given, in accordance with the medical testimony, "Died from the effects of an overdose of chloral."

"Would you believe it," said Mrs. Soutar, confidentially, to her best friends—"would you ever have believed that she wore a wig? Her own hair was quite a pretty color—reddish gold like. Whatever could have made her want to cover it up like that?"

There was enough money found in the deceased's desk to more than defray all expenses, but no papers of any kind. Unknown as she had lived, so she was buried. Under a plain stone, with her widow's name and the date, Mrs. Harrison lies sleeping, at peace with herself and mankind at last.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN HISTORIC LANDS.

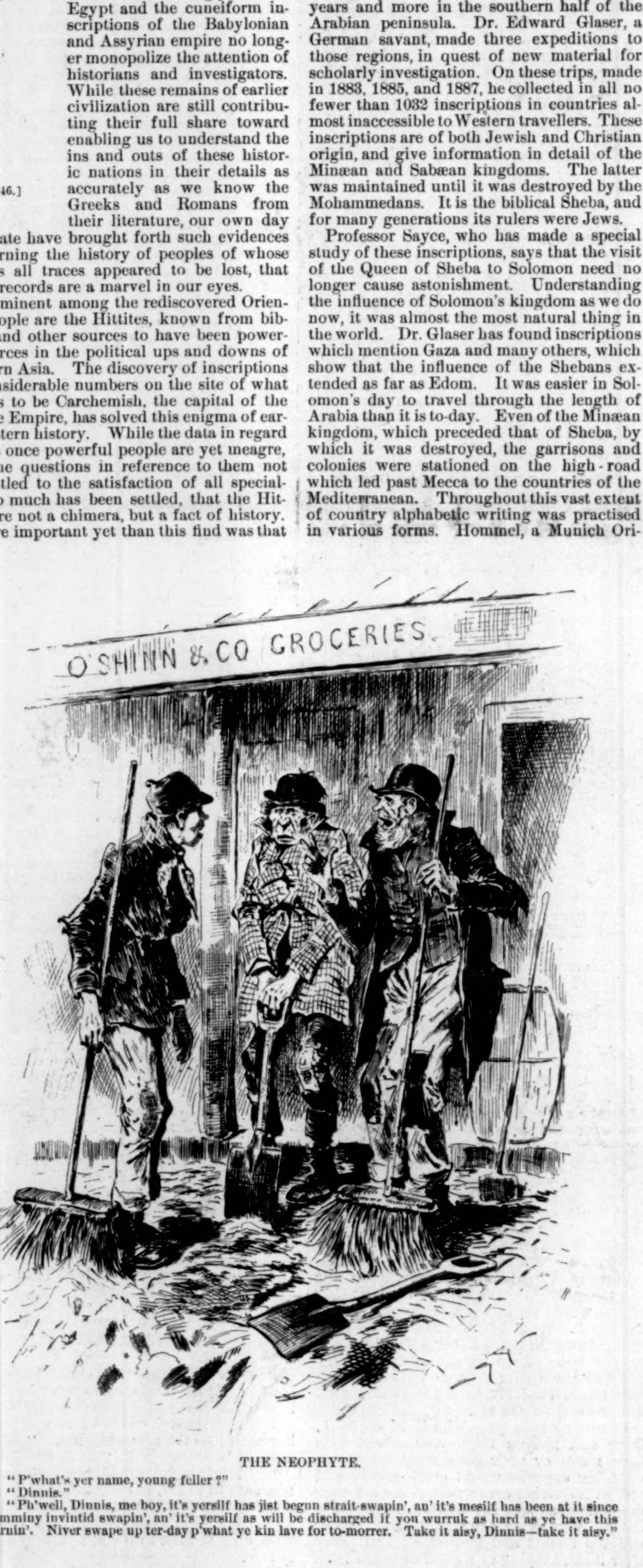
Pick and spade have in the last few decades been furnishing valuable contributions to our knowledge of the history of the Oriental peoples. But never has this been more the case than in the last five or six years. It has always been a source of regret to scholars that not only the native literature of the East, but also so many of the writings of Latin and Greek authors on the classic lands of history have been lost; but now it seems that the buried literary treasures of these countries will more than compensate for the loss. While mourning the destruction of secondary sources of information, the researches of the archæologist are finding primary ones in abundance. The hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of the Babylonian and Assyrian empire no longer monopolize the attention of historians and investigators. While these remains of earlier civilization are still contributing their full share toward enabling us to understand the ins and outs of these historic nations in their details as accurately as we know the Greeks and Romans from their literature, our own day and date have brought forth such evidences concerning the history of peoples of whose doings all traces appeared to be lost, that these records are a marvel in our eyes.

Prominent among the rediscovered Oriental people are the Hittites, known from biblical and other sources to have been powerful forces in the political ups and downs of western Asia. The discovery of inscriptions in considerable numbers on the site of what proves to be Carchemish, the capital of the Hittite Empire, has solved this enigma of early Eastern history. While the data in regard to this once powerful people are yet meagre, and the questions in reference to them not all settled to the satisfaction of all specialists, so much has been settled, that the Hittites are not a chimera, but a fact of history.

More important yet than this find was that made only about a year and a half ago at Tel-el-Amarna, in Lower Egypt. Here hundreds of tablets were unearthed, covered with cuneiform inscriptions. From these it appeared that at the early date of 1400 B.C. an extensive correspondence by letter—for such the contents of these tablets proved to be—was carried on between Assyria, Babylonia, northern Syria, and Palestine, between such cities as Tyre, Sidon, Askelon, Lachis, Meggiddo, etc., on the one hand, and the Pharaohs of Egypt, Amenophis I. and Amenophis IV. on the other, and this at the time when the Hebrews were settled in Goshen. The contents of these letters are varied in kind and character, touching on affairs public and private in all possible phases. For the first time the evidences are here furnished that in western Asia and northeastern Africa letters and literatures existed at a date much earlier than was generally supposed to be the case, and much earlier than the data furnished by sources hitherto accessible permitted students to accept.

This valuable historical discovery has within recent months received a noteworthy corroboration by the discovery in southern Arabia of a vast number of inscriptions, from which it not only appears that Arabia and western Asia were in possession of a literature four and five hundred years earlier than is stated by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, but that before the Mohammedan era Christian and Jewish nations, most flourishing in character, with a cultured literature, existed for two thousand years and more in the southern half of the Arabian peninsula. Dr. Edward Glaser, a German savant, made three expeditions to those regions, in quest of new material for scholarly investigation. On these trips, made in 1883, 1885, and 1887, he collected in all no fewer than 1032 inscriptions in countries almost inaccessible to Western travellers. These inscriptions are of both Jewish and Christian origin, and give information in detail of the Minæan and Sabæan kingdoms. The latter was maintained until it was destroyed by the Mohammedans. It is the biblical Sheba, and for many generations its rulers were Jews.

Professor Sayce, who has made a special study of these inscriptions, says that the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon need no longer cause astonishment. Understanding the influence of Solomon's kingdom as we do now, it was almost the most natural thing in the world. Dr. Glaser has found inscriptions which mention Gaza and many others, which show that the influence of the Shebans extended as far as Edom. It was easier in Solomon's day to travel through the length of Arabia than it is to-day. Even of the Minæan kingdom, which preceded that of Sheba, by which it was destroyed, the garrisons and colonies were stationed on the high-road which led past Mecca to the countries of the Mediterranean. Throughout this vast extent of country alphabetic writing was practised in various forms. Hommel, a Munich Orientalist, has discovered that some of these inscriptions date back to almost two thousand years before Christ. Sayce therefore says that the belief that pre-Mohammedan Arabia was a land of illiterate nomads must be abandoned; it was not Islam that introduced writing into it, but the princes and merchants of Main and Thamud, centuries and centuries before—in this way the slave-trading Arab losing his glory in this regard also. The Semitic people all—and undoubtedly the Hebrews form no exception to the rule—in the second chiliad before Christ, throughout the whole region from the Nile to the Euphrates, had advanced to a noteworthy stage of culture, civilization, and literature. This was known to be true in the case of the Babylonians and Assyrians in the east and the Egyptians in the west; but it is the result of recent research and new data furnished by the discoveries in the last half-dozen years that all the region between also partook to a large measure of this civilization. This puts quite a new face on one of the most interesting periods of ancient history.


O'SHINN & CO GROCERIES.

THE NEOPHYTE.

"P'what's yer name, young feller?"

"Dinnis."

"Ph'well, Dinnis, me boy, it's yersilf has jist begun strait-swapin', an' it's mesilf has been at it since Tamminy invintid swapin', an' it's yersilf as will be discharged if you wurruk as hard as ye have this marnin'. Niver swape up ter-day p'what ye kin lave for to-morrer. Take it aisy, Dinnis—take it aisy."

EVERY MEAL IS A TRIAL

To the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fulness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be genuine satire. He only appeases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it impart relish to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich health and strength sustaining blood. Supersensitiveness of the nerves, mental depression, and unquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the finest preventive and curative of malarial disorders, and relieves constipation, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and liver complaint.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The great advantages of Nicholson's Liquid Bread are its low alcoholic constituents, with very high sugar, albuminoid, and cellulose constituents. A desirable table beverage recommended by prominent physicians.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, etc.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

For the delicate and aged and all in whom the vital current is impoverished and sluggish, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the very best tonic. It restores the wasted tissues, and imparts to the system surprising elasticity and vigor. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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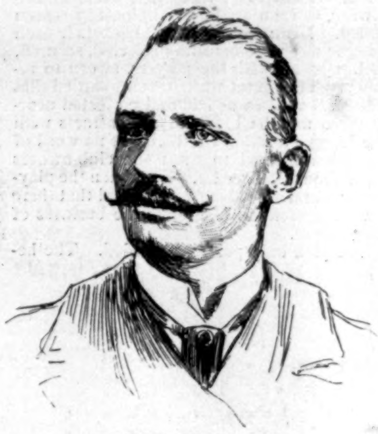
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

OPENING OF THE BASE-BALL SEASON OF 1890.

THE LEADING PLAYERS AND THEIR POSITIONS.

BY O. P. CAYLOR.

THE base-ball championship "season" opened on Saturday, April 19th, when two teams of players from Philadelphia appeared at the grounds of the National League and of the Brotherhood in this city. How there came to be two such rival organizations, and what are the prospects of the coming season, will be explained further on.



A. C. ANSON (League).

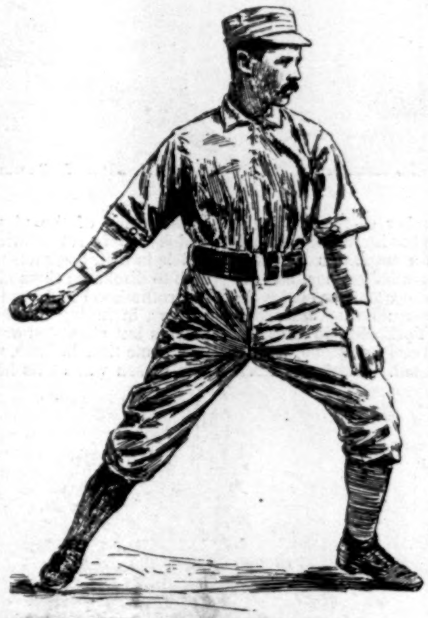
Very recently a syndicate of capitalists made an offer, through the entirely responsible law firm of Tracy, Boardman, & Platt, to pay to the National League of Baseball Clubs of America $1,000,000 for their franchises. The offer was read to the club owners at their meeting in Cleveland on the 4th of March, and without discussion was laid on the table by a unanimous vote.

Inasmuch as the National League of Baseball Clubs is but one of a half-dozen or more prominent professional base-ball club organizations in the country, some idea may be had from the above-mentioned business transaction of the immense proportions which the great American sport has attained during the last ten years. The offer of $1,000,000 for the League franchises was considered to be absurdly small, the Boston club alone asserting that they would not sell out for less than that amount. The Boston club, however, own the block of ground upon which their team plays its games, and this plot, with the buildings upon it, is worth probably $250,000. The Philadelphia League club also own their own grounds, and have erected thereon costly permanent grand stands and club-houses. In the other six cities the clubs occupy grounds which are leased, and upon which they have put improvements which cost from $40,000 to $80,000 each.

During the winter which has just passed, a Brotherhood of Base-ball Players, most of whom withdrew from the service of the National League, organized an independent association of clubs, which they call the Players' League. They have rented grounds, and have fitted them up in National League cities, and propose during the season to conduct a competitive business against their former employers. They have secured in each city the moneyed backing of well-known business men, who are promised in return for their financial aid a certain share of the profits of the clubs to which they respectively give encouragement.

A bitter feeling exists between the two organizations. The Brotherhood of Players accuse the League "magnates" of forcing them into a revolt by reason of unfair and un-American modes of oppression in their club rules and regulations. On the other hand, the League officials allege that these rules were as much for the player's benefit as for the club's, and offer in proof thereof the fact that salaries under the workings of these rules more than doubled.

There was in every League player's contract for 1889 an option, called the reserve clause, which specified that if the club should "reserve" the player for 1890, it should be at a salary not less than that of the contract of 1889. The League claimed this to be an option. The Brotherhood players held that it was merely an option as to National Agreement clubs, and that they had a right to ignore it. Several lawsuits grew out of the dispute. The New York club went into the courts and attempted to enjoin Ward and Ewing, two of their last season players, from playing with Brotherhood clubs, on the claim that they (the New York club) had a right under this reserve clause to the player's services. In both cases the courts decided against the club. Judge Wallace, in deciding the Ewing case, held that though the reserve clause was a contract morally binding Ewing to *negotiate* with the New York club for 1890, it was not such a contract that the club could enforce.



JOHN G. CLARKSON (League).
From a Photograph by Conly, Boston.

It is admitted on both sides that the war between the two leagues will be a bitter one—a fight to the finish—and that the result will be the survival, possibly not of the fittest, but of the most enduring. The people who simply love the sport, and care nothing for the dispute between the old magnates and the new, will watch the games with considerable interest.

Besides the National League and the Players' or Brotherhood League there are three other combinations or circuits of clubs, including the principal cities in the eastern or central part of the country.

The National League holds franchises and has established clubs in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Cleveland.

The Brotherhood clubs are located in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo. Thus it will appear that in only one National League city and one Brotherhood city the two organizations do not conflict.

Then there is the American Association of Base-ball Clubs, which is comprised of clubs in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, and St. Louis.

The Atlantic Association embraces a circuit composed of clubs in the cities of Baltimore, Wilmington (Delaware), Hartford, Newark, Jersey City, New Haven, Washington, and Worcester.

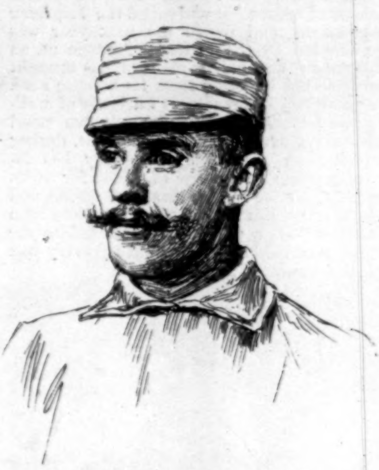
The Western Association has clubs in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, and St. Joseph.

There are also minor professional organizations, such as the Texas League of Clubs, in the larger cities of Texas, the California League, the Tri-State League, the International Association, and a number of others of lesser interest.

The reader will notice that, with the exception of the antagonism between the Brotherhood League and the National League, these various organizations do not conflict in territory except in the instances of Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where the National League and American Association occupy common territory by agreement.

It was this comity in business which of recent years made base-ball so profitable not only to clubs, but to professional players. The whole system is controlled and governed by a set of common base-ball laws, called the National Agreement, to which every professional base-ball organization of clubs in the country has subscribed, and is held bound except the Brotherhood League.

The supreme court to which all appeals are made in disputes between clubs of different organizations under the government of this National Agreement Confederation is a Board of Arbitration, consisting of three delegates from the National League and three from the American Association. The other leagues and associations enjoying the protection of this base-ball Magna Charta are qualified members, and while they are entitled to representation in the board, their representatives have no vote. The board has legislative as well as judicial powers. It has sole right to amend the National Agreement, repeal any part of it, and make changes or additions from time to time. The writer of this article had the honor of being a member of the original committee which formulated the tripartite agreement, and was secretary of the first Board of Arbitration. To Mr. A. G. Mills, of New York, base-ball owes the conception of that great instrument which has done so much for the game.



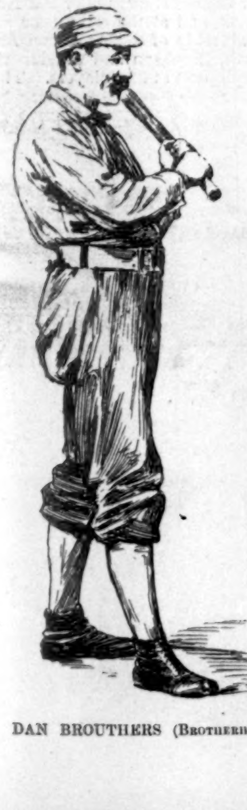
JOHN M. WARD (Brotherhood).
From a Photograph by J. Hall, Brooklyn.

Before the National Agreement was formed for the confederation of leagues and associations, clubs preyed upon each other's players, and the least show of financial success made by a club in any city would at once call out rival or competitive clubs, until all were bankrupt, and the result would be a suspension of the game at that particular point for years. In this state of affairs there was no permanent value to a club's interests, and capital was very shy when asked to back up the game as a financial speculation.

Thus we see that the famous Red Stocking Club, of Cincinnati, in 1870 was completely thrown out of business and disrupted by the Boston and Washington clubs taking their favorite players for 1871. Instead of continuing to have the champion team of the United States, Cincinnati had no club at all in 1871, and no team. Neither was there another club organized in that city until late in 1875.

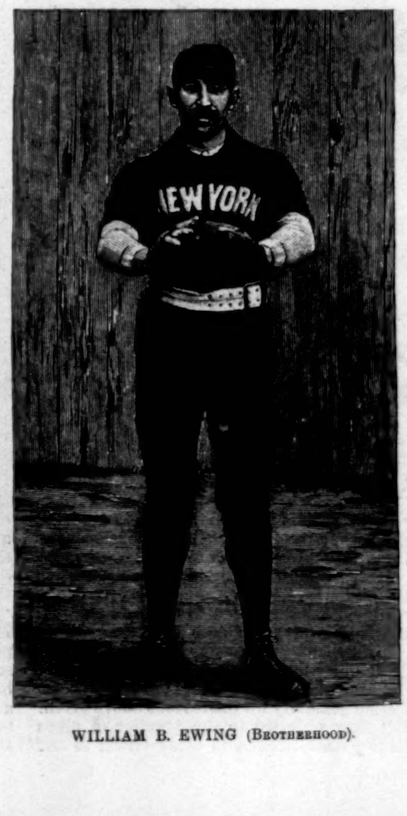
So, too, in Boston. When in 1875 the Chicago club took from the Boston club four of their famous players in the middle of the season, the pride was taken out of Boston patrons, and the club's business declined for several years, during which time instead of making money, it fell away to a total loss of nearly fifty thousand dollars.

Another evil from this unrestrained competition was the constant changing of players from team to team. And as it requires

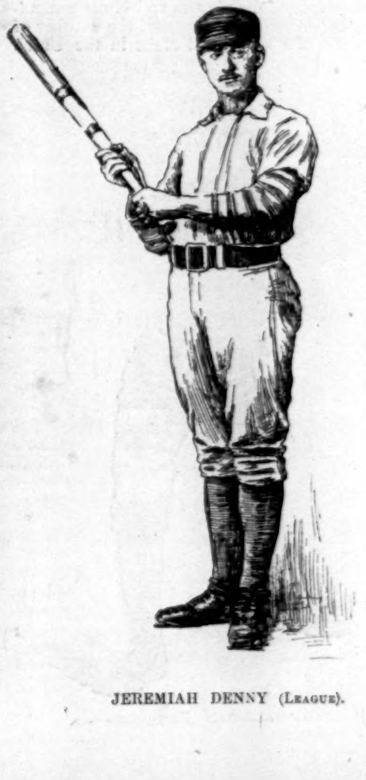


DAN BROUTHERS (Brotherhood).

TIMOTHY J. KEEFE (Brotherhood).



WILLIAM B. EWING (Brotherhood).

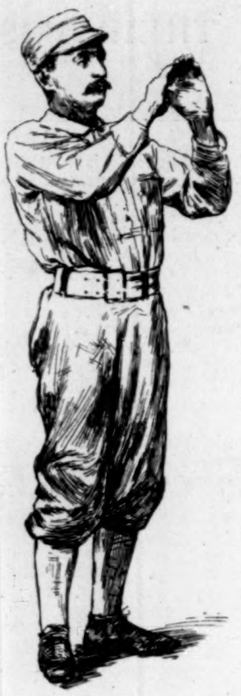


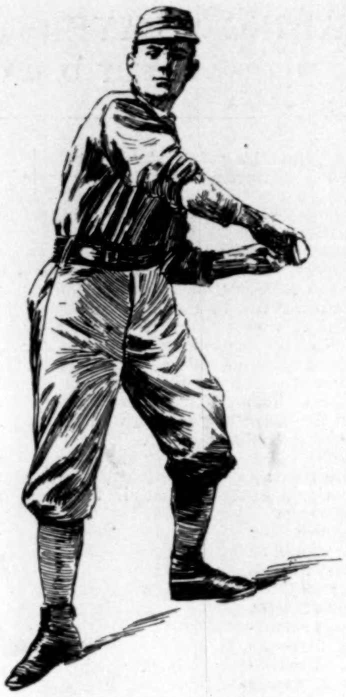
JEREMIAH DENNY (League).

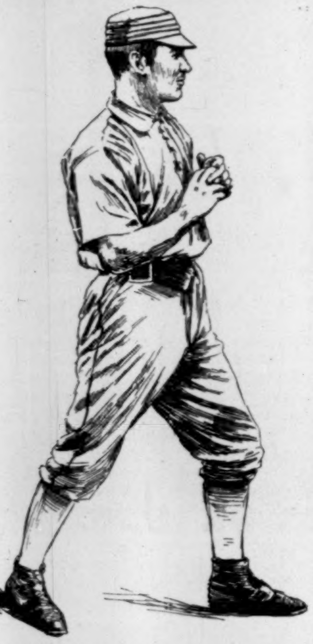
the working together of a set of ball-players for a whole season before they become familiar enough with each other's modes of play to bring about strong team-work, anything like perfection in base-ball playing in those days was almost an impossibility; and yet good team-work was acknowledged to be necessary to please patrons of the game, for without it that general excellence of play which is calculated to arouse enthusiasm was not to be expected.

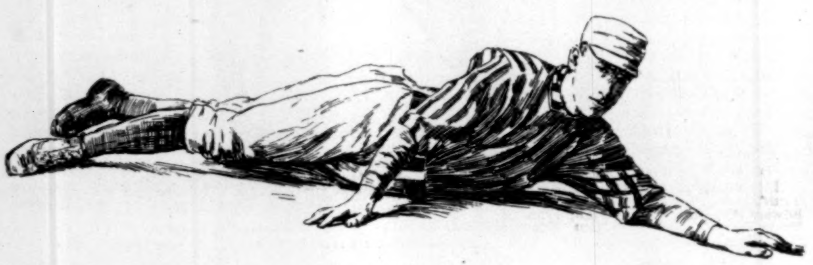
It therefore became evident to the conservative leaders in the sport that some general law or set of rules must be formulated and adopted to govern all well-disposed organizations of clubs.

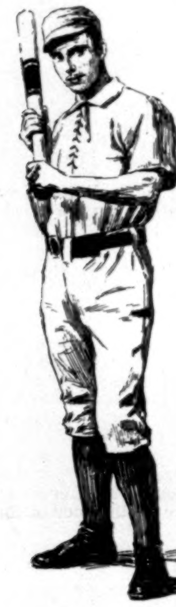
To this end was formed, in the autumn or winter of 1882, what was called the Tripartite Agreement, and which the next year was superseded by the National Agreement, an instrument which, it is claimed, has brought professional base-ball from its chaotic state of perpetual bankruptcy to a basis of well-founded business principles. It has stood the test of seven successive seasons, during which time a ball-player's salary has increased from an average of $1000 for seven months' service to an average of $3000, and clubs' franchises have in some instances been rated at half a million, whereas before the same sum could have bought up every ball club in the land in duplex.


EDWARD HANLON (Brotherhood).

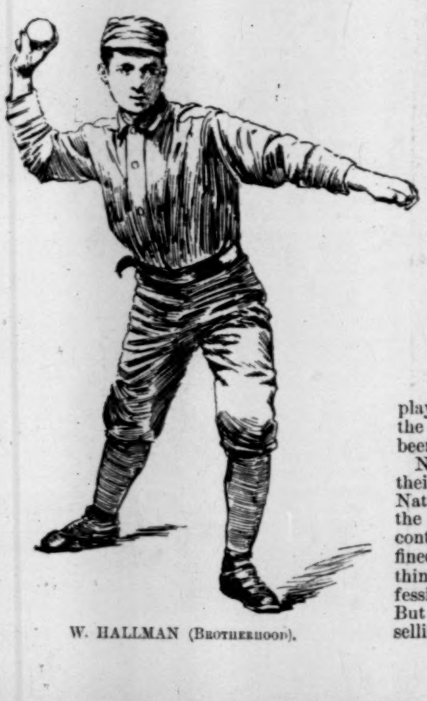

M. KILROY (Brotherhood).

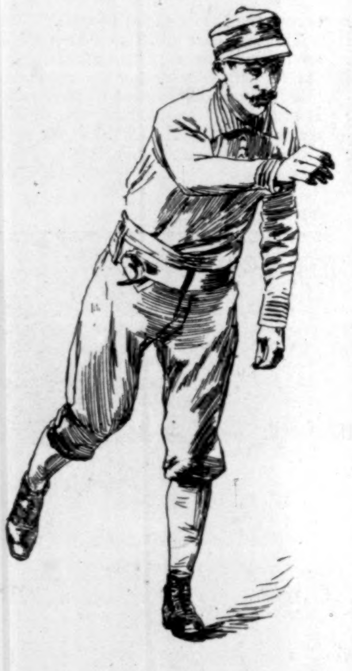

M. WELSH (League).

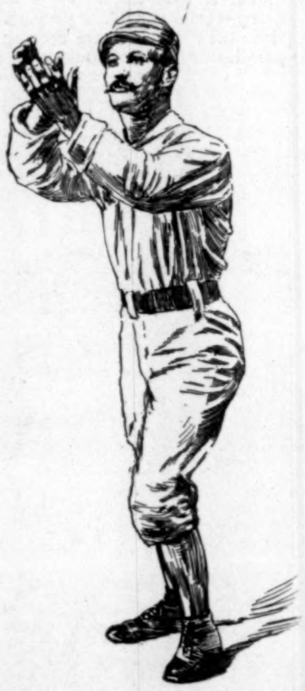

M. TIERNAN (League).

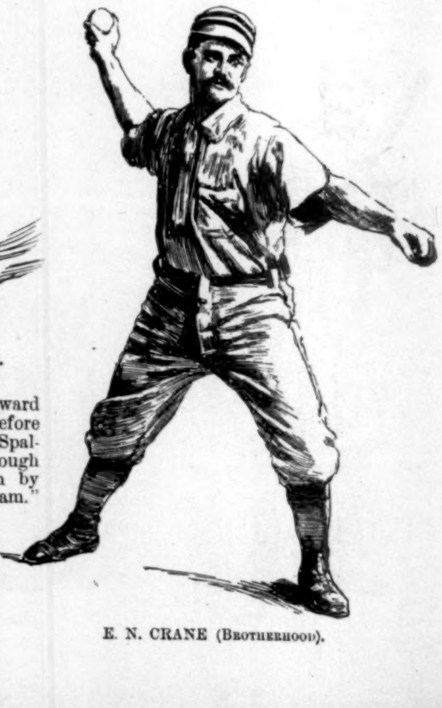

W. D. O'BRIEN (League).

What is this National Agreement? It is a common set of rules which does not govern clubs, but the various leagues and associations of clubs. First, it prevents ruinous competition by giving each club sole control of the patronage in the city where located, and allows no other league or association to give membership to any club which may organize to enter the city already occupied. Secondly, it allows every club, by a system of mutual notices, to "reserve" fourteen of its players for another season at a minimum salary. Thus reserved, no other club is permitted to negotiate with such players. In this way local favorites are retained from year to year, and the perfection of team-work is approached season after season. The effect of this rule or practice has been the mutual benefit of the players and clubs generally. It has not only increased the number of established professional clubs in the Union fourfold, and the number of players in the same proportion, but it has increased base-ball players' salaries from a maximum of $2500 to $6000 for seven months' service, and increased them *on an average* 200 per cent. As instances, note these cases: Ewing, the catcher, came to the New York club in 1883 for $3000, and last year received $5000, with a bonus of $1000 additional. Ward, the short-stop, played his first month in New York in 1882 for $75 a month, and last year drew $600 a month from the same club. Carpenter, the third-base-man, went to Cincinnati to play in 1882 at a salary of $800, and this year he was engaged for $2300. These men play no better now than they did in 1882, but the prosperity of their clubs in business has been their prosperity as well.


W. HALLMAN (Brotherhood).


A. WEYHING (Brotherhood).


JOHN A. McPHEE (League).


E. N. CRANE (Brotherhood).

Notwithstanding all this advancement in their salaried interests, many players of the National League began to chafe at some of the rules which the club officials made to control them. There was really no well-defined objection to the reserve rule, for the thinking players believed it benefited the profession generally for the reasons above given. But they objected to the practice of clubs selling their releases to other clubs; to the classification of the players into grades, to which certain set salaries attached; to the article in their contracts which permitted the club to discharge them after ten days' notice. A Brotherhood had been formed among the players, including all the National League players but about ten or twelve. Last summer, some time in June, when the championship season was at its height, the leaders of the Brotherhood drew up a bill of their grievances to be presented to the League. A committee of the Brotherhood called upon A. G. Spalding, of the Chicago Club, who was chairman of the League Standing Committee on Conference, and presenting their case, asked for an immediate answer, looking toward a correction of the aforesaid wrongs before the season of 1889 should close. Mr. Spalding, for the League, refused to break through that organization's established custom by "swapping horses while crossing a stream." He, however, assured the committee of players that as soon as the championship season was ended their request would be respectfully considered, equitably adjusted, and everything made satisfactory to the Brotherhood before contracts for 1890 were presented for signatures.

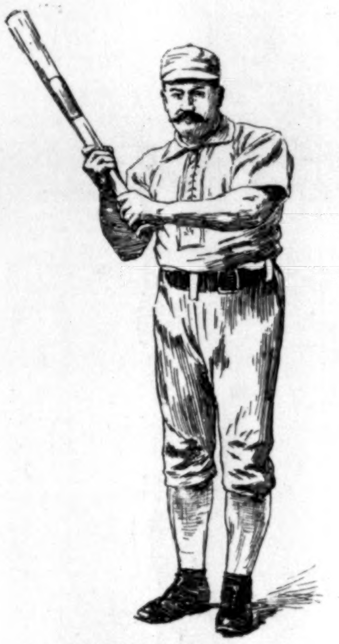
The leaders of the players, however, were not satisfied, and the most radical of them urged a general strike the day before July 4th—the big day of the year in base-ball financially. The cooler-headed men, however, prevented this proposed action. On July 14th a meeting of Brotherhood delegates was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, and it was then and there resolved to cut loose from the League at the end of the season. Members from each chapter were delegated to secretly look up "financial backers" in the various cities, and report later on.

The consequence was that on the seventh day of September, and a few days about that period, the members of each chapter of the Brotherhood (or most of the members) signed an agreement to "strike" in November following, as soon as the championship season ended. Meanwhile financial backers in each League city were carefully selected, secured, and, together with the players, sworn to secrecy. The secret was so well guarded that though the plan was laid and perfected nearly three months before their contracts with the League terminated, there was no word of suspicion uttered to warn the club-owners until about October 1st. Even then the players, one and all, vehemently denied that there was an agreement to capture the business of the League.

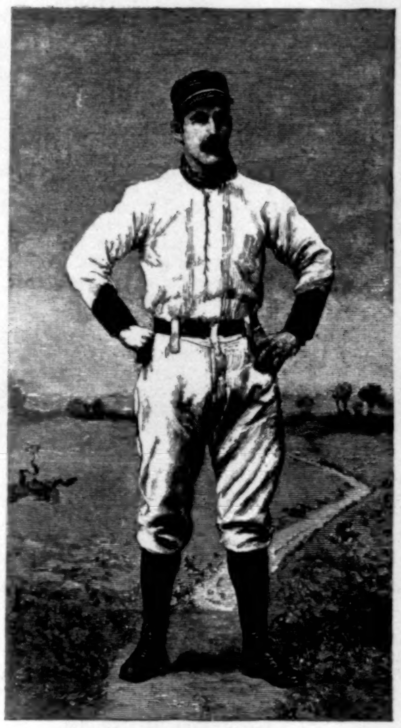
The plan only partly succeeded. The belief of the leaders had been that they could take every player with them, and thus compel the dismantled League clubs to go out of business. But about one-third of the best players refused to desert their clubs, declaring that they understood, when they signed the agreement in September, that no revolt was to occur unless the clubs should refuse to grant certain requests, which they had been given no chance to consider.

This defection from the ranks of the Brotherhood players not only weakened their plan, but it left the National League clubs a nucleus around which to fortify and fight for the maintenance of their business interests. They proceeded to buy the releases of promising young players from contract with clubs of minor organizations under the National Agreement, and at the same time secured the membership of the American Association clubs in Brooklyn and Cincinnati, with their complement of fine players. The

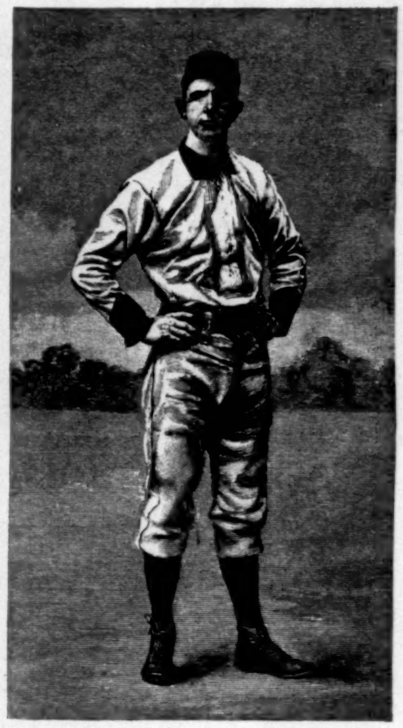
Indianapolis and Washington clubs, members of last year's League, were bought out, and the latter fine team transferred for the most part to New York city. Thus the old clubs will enter the season as well equipped with stellar attractions as the Brotherhood clubs, and better prepared financially for the fight. The Brotherhood in the start challenged the League to a fight to the finish. The latter accepted it, and there is no "possible, probable shadow of doubt" but that one of the two organizations will in time have to surrender. Some of the cities occupied by both cannot possibly support two clubs, and an unbroken circuit of eight cities is always absolutely necessary in a financial sense.



DAVID ORR (Brotherhood).



W. A. LATHAM (Brotherhood).



C. A. COMISKEY (Brotherhood.)

It therefore follows that the season just opening will be the most exciting and the most important in the history of the national game.

Herewith is a full list of the players who constitute the teams of the various clubs of the League and the Brotherhood at the time this is written:

NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS.

Boston (15 Men).

*John G. Clarkson,
*C. W. Ganzell,
*C. W. Bennett,
*C. M. Smith,
C. A. Nichols,
Robert A. Lowe,
P. J. Donovan,
Thomas J. Tucker,
Hermann Long,
Louis W. Hardie,
A. Schellhouse,
John McGarr,
J. P. Faber,
George E. Hodgman,
W. S. Brodie.

Philadelphia (15 Men).

*T. D. Vickery,
*S. L. Thompson,
*John Clements,
*Albert Meyers,
*William Schriver,
*William Gleason,
*E. H. Decker,
*William Day,
Allen McCauley,
R. G. Allen,
E. D. Burke,
Ed. Mayer,
W. R. Hamilton,
D. Anderson,
John F. Smith.

New York (18 Men).

*John W. Glasscock,
*H. J. Boyle,
*C. E. Bassett,
*A. J. Somer,
M. J. Scanlon,
*M. Welsh,
Joseph Hornung,
John H. Murphy,
*Jeremiah Denny,
*A. W. Rusie,
*R. D. Buckley,
*Jesse Burkett,
*M. Tiernan,
*P. J. Murphy,
S. N. Crane,
Charles L. Dooley,
A. F. Clarke,
M. Seifke.

Brooklyn (16 Men).

*George J. Smith,
*W. D. O'Brien,
*G. B. Pinkney,
*W. H. Terry,
*R. L. Caruthers,
*J. S. Corkhill,
*H. Collins,
*Thomas Lovett,
*R. H. Clark,
*T. P. Daly,
*D. L. Foutz,
*T. P. Burns,
George T. Stallings,
*M. F. Hughes,
*J. Newman.
*C. L. Reynolds.

Cleveland (15 Men).

*Edward Beatin,
*E. J. McKean,
*Charles L. Zimmer,
*R. J. Gilks,
George Davis,
W. W. Veach,
Joseph Ardner,
L. C. Stockwell,
Joseph Sommer,
John Wadsworth,
W. D. Smalley,
Ezra P. Lincoln,
Thomas J. Dowse,
C. J. Parsons,
Vincent Daily.

Cincinnati (16 Men).

*J. A. McPhee,
*C. G. Baldwin,
*William M. Earle,
*Hugh Nichol,
*O. P. Beard,
*L. Viau,
*Charles Marr,
*John G. Reilly,
*James W. Keenan,
*J. W. Halliday,
*T. J. Mullane,
*James Duryea,
Jerry Harrington.
W. P. Rhines,
Joseph W. Knight,
F. J. Foreman.

Pittsburgh (19 Men).

P. J. Daniels,
*William Sowders,
*G. P. Miller,
Guy Hecker,
S. H. Laroque,
Kirtley Baker,
Edward Mulhearn,
Henry Jones,
W. H. Hemp,
Frederick Roat,
William Wilson,
John Kelty,
Howard Brandenburg,
Frederick Schmitt,
Charles Gray,
Philip Routcliff,
Henry Youngman,
John P. Berger.
*Fred Dunlap.

Chicago (16 Men).

*A. C. Anson,
*Thomas E. Burns,
*W. F. Hutchinson,
Cliff Carroll,
*W. R. Wilmot,
M. J. Kittridge,
Thomas Nagle,
J. P. Andrews,
J. J. Cooney,
J. C. Lauer,
B. L. Garvin,
Matthew Schell,
M. J. Sullivan,
Howard Earle,
W. E. Coughlin,
Peter J. O'Brien.

* Were League Players last year or members of the same clubs.

BROTHERHOOD PLAYERS.

Boston (16 Men).

M. J. Kelly,
C. Swett,
M. E. Murphy,
M. Kilroy,
D. Brouthers,
Arthur Irwin,
H. Richardson,
H. Stovey,
C. A. Radbourne,
Adison Gumbert,
M. Madden,
W. Daley,
J. Quinn,
William Nash,
R. F. Johnson,
Thomas Brown.

Buffalo (15 Men).

C. Mack,
O. Clark,
G. Haddock,
G. H. Krock,
S. Wise,
John Irwin,
W. E. Hoy,
W. Hallegan,
A. Ferson,
G. W. Keefe,
James L. White,
J. C. Rowe,
W. J. Rainey,
E. Beecher,
J. J. Carney.

Cleveland (15 Men).

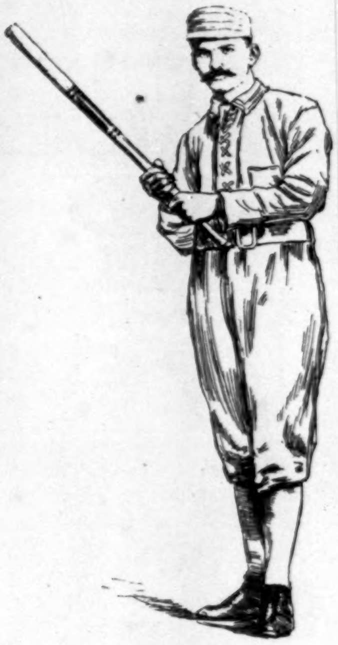
C. N. Snyder,
John Brennan,
E. Bakeley,
L. Hemmings,
John Stricker,
Oliver Tebeau,
L. P. Browning,
E. E. Sutcliff,
H. Gruber,
J. F. O'Brien,
H. Larkin,
Paul Radford,
J. McAleer,
L. Twitchell,
E. J. Delehanty.

Chicago (15 Men).

John Boyle,
Del Darling,
Charles King,
Charles Bartson,
F. N. Pfeffer,
W. A. Latham,
J. Ryan,
C. A. Farrell,
M. E. Baldwin,
F. Dwyer,
C. A. Comiskey,
E. N. Williamson,
H. Duffy,
J. O'Neil,
C. A. Bastian.

New York (14 Men).

William B. Ewing.
H. Vaughn,
T. J. Keefe,
John Ewing,
Daniel Richardson,
G. Hatfield,
M. J. Slattery.
William Brown,
H. O'Day,
E. N. Crane,
Roger Conner,
Arthur Whitney,
James O'Rourke,
George Gore.



M. J. KELLY (Brotherhood).

Brooklyn (16 Men).

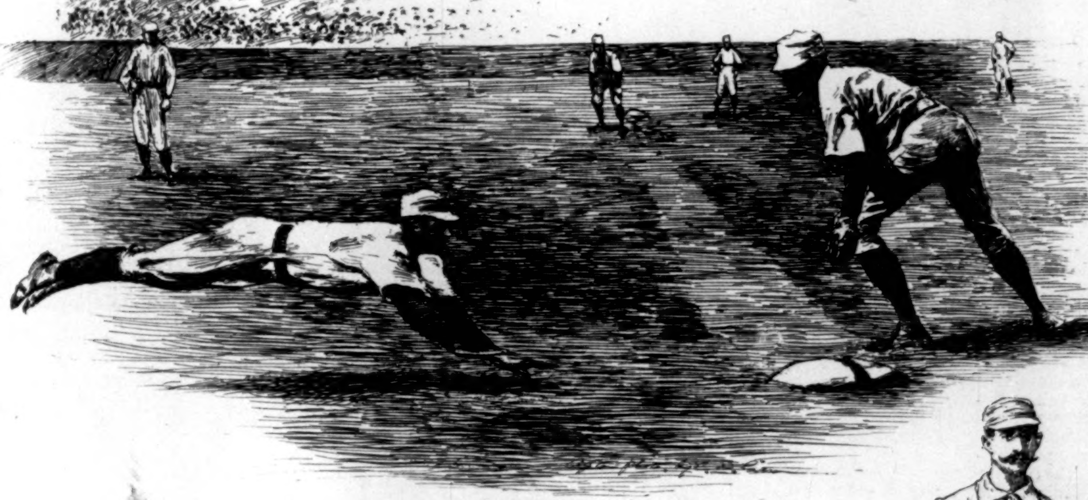
David Orr,
John M. Ward,
A. Weyhing,
G. Van Haltern,
J. C. McGeachy,
C. Daily,
Paul Cook,
Arthur Sunday,
L. Bierbauer,
W. Joyce,
C. Murphy,
J. Sowders,
G. E. Andrews,
J. E. Seery,
John Hayes,
Thomas Kinslow.

Philadelphia (17 Men).

A. B. Sanders,
J. Husted,
Elmer Cunningham,
John Milligan,
M. Griffin,
G. Wood,
D. Shannon,
G. Rouse,
C. G. Buffinton,
P. Knell,
Lave Cross,
W. Hallman,
J. G. Fogarty,
S. D. Farrar,
William Shindle,
Joseph Mulvey,
C. M. Pickett.

Pittsburgh (15 Men).

Thomas Quinn,
F. W. Carroll,
J. K. Tener,
Edward Morris,
W. Robinson,
William Kuehne,
Edward Hanlon,
J. Hurley,
J. J. Fields,
J. F. Galvin,
H. E. Staley,
Thomas Corcoran,
J. P. Visner,
A. Maul,
J. P. Beckley.



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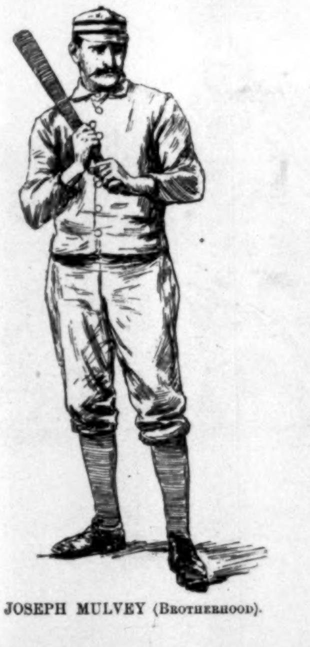
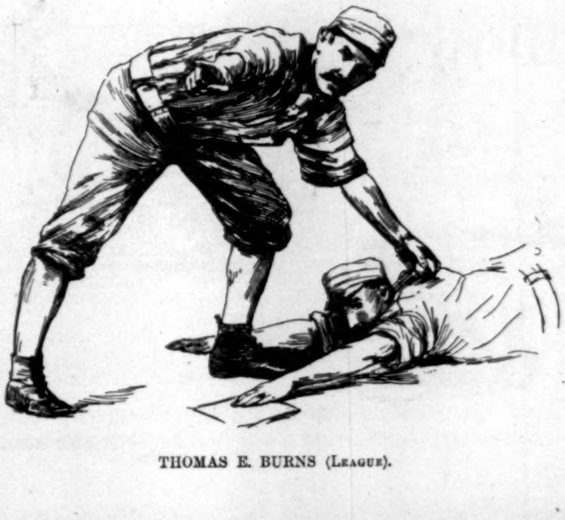


JOSEPH MULVEY (Brotherhood).

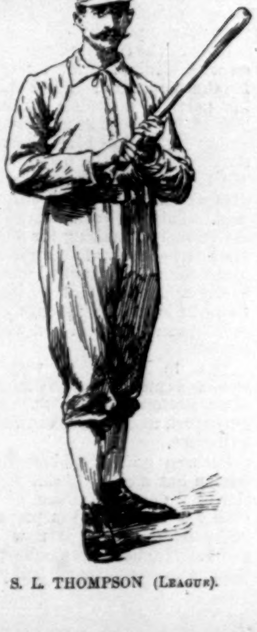
The desertion of so many of the old players from the National League teams has opened the way for the advancement of a considerable number of younger experts who have hitherto lacked the opportunities to advance themselves to the front in professional ball-playing. The season of 1890 will then be the more interesting because these new candidates for popular favor are to have a chance to win their laurels on the ball fields in the large cities.

Among the new players are quite a number of college men. The New York club has three of them in its team—young men who respectively have been students of Harvard and Hamilton colleges, and Brown's University. Of the older players, Hutchinson and Bassett are the most notable as college graduates.

Probably no other player at this



THOMAS E. BURNS (League).



S. L. THOMPSON (League).